

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 14, 1936

WHO'S WHO

PAUL L. BLAKELY holds an all-time record both as to years and as to the number of contributions devoted to AMERICA. In the thoughts of many, he identifies AMERICA and is identified with it. In 1914 he traveled from St. Louis to New York, and became an Associate Editor under the great Father Tierney. He has remained ever since, with no interruption save an occasional vacation, and has turned out a greater number of words for AMERICA than any five other writers. . . . We would like to reveal the identity of the WORRIED PASTOR. But we must preserve a deep, uneloquent silence. He has had long experience building up what seemed to be a model parish. Is it a typical parish? . . . ALEXANDER BEDENKOFF is a feature writer for the Russian daily newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*. He also writes articles and fiction for English-word magazines. He lived in Russia from birth till 1921. Having been in the Ministry of War under the Czar, he hurriedly left Russia in 1921, when Kerensky appeared. His tale is fact, not fiction. . . . It was once suspected that FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY was a pseudonym, for the present Editor. He has proved himself a real entity, six feet tall and a Fordham English Professor.

BARCELONA, JULY 19. On that fateful Sunday, Harry Chapin Plummer, observed the heart-rending murders and burnings that followed a peaceful Saturday night. This will be the first of a series of articles on the spread of Communism in Spain and the direful results. . . . CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY AND ENGLISH. Professor Reilly will be critical yet appreciative.

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AMERICA, Published weekly by The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., November 14, 1936, Vol. LVI, No. 6, Whole No. 1414. Telephone MEDallion 3-3082. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

TWO brilliant receptions accorded to Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, during his stay in New York emphasized notably the fact that in these days of general levelling when aristocracy of no kind is admitted, there still survives a spiritual magnificence shining in the world, not built on money or blood, but on spiritual ideals and spiritual function. The spiritual kingship of Christ's Vicar has not been one whit diminished by the collapse of temporal sovereignties or the rise of rowdy dictators. And as the one closest to the Holy Father in power, and nearest sharer of that just *kudos* which he deserves as the bearer of the eternal keys of the Fisherman, Cardinal Pacelli brought something of the aura of the Vatican with him to America, and inspired his loyal subjects in this section of the Kingdom of the Church to receive him with their best graces and manners and their most courtly behavior. The informal afternoon reception given Cardinal Pacelli at Fordham University on Sunday afternoon, November 2, attended by more than 5,000, was a model of decorum, distinction and simplicity. Music, and two brief addresses, one by the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, and the other by Fordham's delightfully gracious president, Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., were the happy prelude to the address given by the Cardinal Secretary of State which was as distinguished as it was simple, and as sincere as it was eloquent. Three nights later, in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria, a formal reception was tendered to His Eminence by the Catholic Club of New York. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, was present, as were all his Metropolitan bishops and distinguished Monsignori, and more than 2,500 guests. Nothing more brilliant, though again, nothing more simple, was ever seen in this noisy city. Judge Alfred J. Talley, happiest of interlocutors, introduced Cardinal Hayes, and then Cardinal Pacelli. There was organ music from the fingers of Pietro Yon and a solo from the magnificent voice of Giovanni Martinelli. Each of the two great princes of the Church expressed to the other his warm-hearted admiration and affection, and the one pledged and the other received the testimony of the everlasting fealty of American Catholics to the Vicar of Christ, Pius XI, now gloriously reigning. Gentlemen in formal evening attire, and ladies gowned suitably to the Holy Father's taste for modesty and simplicity, were never more attractive. At the end, despite the sheer magnificence of the affair, there was no haughty retreat. No one left the hall until he or she had been personally received by Their Eminences, nor did it matter to these two gracious princes of the Church that the receiving line required nearly two hours to finish. If splendor and simplicity may still last in a drab and ugly world, from the Vatican and from the Vatican alone does the world receive it.

MIDNIGHT, November 3-4, worries ended and worries began. Remnants of the crowds that had been in Times Square ambled along as if there had been no excitement. A platoon of traffic officers marched slowly up the avenues where the mobs had milled. The street-cleaning department bundled up the litter. Advertisements in the daily papers gave information that executive furniture, upholstered chairs and sofas, commercial desks, tables, chairs, typewriters, steel files, etc., all practically new, in use for less than two months were offered for sale. Both the Democratic and the Republican National Committees were retiring from business for another four years. The last material vestiges of the battle were dissipated. There was a similar clearing of minds. With true American sportsmanship, the partisans, even the violent orators, accepted the will of the people. As the *Times* editorial writer remarked: "Those who backed the loser weren't eating crow and those who supported the winner weren't crowing." Congratulatory messages flowed across the wires, even from those who had burned the airwaves with denunciations. The victors pledged a policy of non-retaliation; the defeated looked up bravely and promised cooperation and non-obstruction. Worries and the campaign ended; worries and a new campaign were inaugurated. President Roosevelt undertook a stupendous responsibility in guiding a nation that is restless and changing. Mr. Hamilton, speaking for Governor Landon, acknowledged the responsibility of being a "vigilant and militant minority," for that has a "vital service to render to the nation." Campaign oratory was good entertainment. Perfervid orators released themselves of much fluff but of some solid stuff. It is to the more sensible things said by the opposition that Governor Hoffman, of New Jersey, referred when he opined: "I hope the President will disprove all the things we said about him."

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UNOBTRUSIVE yet significant is the return year after year of hundreds of Americans of Scandinavian descent to the ancient Faith of the northern lands. No longer can you infer that a man is a non-Catholic merely because he is called Olsen or Larsen or Hansen or one of the many -quists and -blads and -ströms. Steadily increasing are the number of fine priests of Scandinavian origin among the clergy. From the dawn of history, the Norsemen and the Irish were associated; and when they did not kill one another they intermarried. Now the killings are no more but the marriages continue, and many a little O'Brien or McCarthy has a Danish or Swedish or Norwegian mother. Symbol of this spiritual movement is the rapid development of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League, which for the first twenty-five years of its existence met mod-

estly in New York and Brooklyn alone, merely letter-writing to the rest of the world, but now has suddenly begun to branch out. Units of the League, each of them promising to exceed the mother unit in numbers have been formed in Minneapolis, Minn., in LaCrosse and Eau Claire, Wisc., in Fargo, Grand Forks, and Grafton, N. D., and in Aberdeen, S. D. Other localities have new units scheduled. The aim of the League is a very simple one: to bring information on the Catholic Church to persons of Scandinavian origin or descent who desire it and to serve as a meeting place for all persons, Scandinavian or not, who are interested in the Catholic past and present of the Northern countries.

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PICKWICK'S centenary provokes us to reflect on humor. It is worth remarking that humor was not admitted into literature in its own right and for its entertainment value before the nineteenth century. Had not Chaucer lived in an age when the humorist was motley and was tethered, he would almost certainly have dedicated himself to humorous writing. Shakespeare almost emancipated the professional fool. The great dramatist is an illuminating example of the hypocrisy of a system that enslaved him. Mathew Arnold, without the prejudice, revealed the influence of the Calvinist mind on literature when he withheld the highest praise from Chaucer because he was wanting in seriousness. The narrowed mentality of Milton, that looked upon comedy as trivial, vulgar and corrupt, would be a mystery, nay the greatest of jokes to Lamb. St. Thomas More could be scandalously hilarious on solemn occasions, for he had the long, untroubled vision. Erasmus missed the heights in his *Eulogy of Folly* because he bore a grudge and a partisan label. The supernatural provides the last catharsis needed for the liberation of the spirit from self and time, which latter prevent the universal vision and appeal. The narrow nationalism of Dickens kept him from entering the galaxy of the great humorists. Chesterton, as sympathetic an admirer as Dickens ever found, brought to his literary work an appreciativeness of the ludicrous that was subtle and universal. As Chesterton has said, the things Dickens takes seriously we can smile at to our heart's content, "but once he has smiled on a thing it is sacred forever."

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ECHOING the traditional view of Catholic pedagogy, Percy G. Kammerer, a Connecticut educator, told an educational conference in New York that the development of personality, and not intelligence only, was the responsibility of American schools and colleges. A New York commercial firm in its examination of 500 college students for jobs judged the majority "as not being effective, capable, promising, well-integrated people." "The educational process," said Kammerer, "must concern itself not with intelligence alone but with the total functioning mind. It has been our inability and unwillingness to view the human personality as an integrated unit, which has made prediction of progress faulty

and adjustment to later challenges often difficult or impossible." The educator says quite correctly that academic ability and achievement alone, grades, scores, and percentages, do not afford any adequate basis to predict that wider adjustment to reality necessary for success in college and after life. President Hutchins of Chicago has treated of this needed integration from the viewpoint of the curricula of studies in his recent work *The Higher Education in America*, and an article in last week's AMERICA shows it is the distinctive mark of Catholic educational science. The present theory of education started with Locke and his disintegration of personality; it was speeded forward by the denial of faculty psychology and the "actualism" theory; and was finally completed by the liberal school of secularism in education. Its fruits are daily becoming more evident.

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UBIQUITOUS Legionnaires still romp over the Spanish peninsula, according to correspondents, like the horde of Moors mentioned in last week's AMERICA. Spain's Foreign Legion is foreign only in the sense that it was primarily organized for police work on the foreign shores of Morocco. It is of rather recent origin, dating back to 1921, and is modeled in discipline and organization on the French Foreign Legion. It is unlike this regiment in that its personnel is almost entirely Spanish. Foreigners have never exceeded twenty-five per cent of the total body, and at present it is estimated that not ten per cent are from other countries. The Legionnaires, then, are foreign only in so far as they were recruited for foreign service. At the outbreak of the present civil war a part of the Legion was brought over to Spain. Its ranks have been greatly increased by recent enlistments from among the Spanish youth, allured to its ranks by the glamor and prestige the regiment has gained among fighting bodies. The Foreign Legion, though it is Legion in name, is not like the Angelic host whose "number is legion," as some correspondents would have us believe. Reliable advices inform us that the number of Legionnaires who were brought over from Ceuta in Morocco did not exceed 10,000.

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BROWDER, in his last pre-election address over the radio, did not appeal for a large Communist vote. But he did stress the importance for all the Communistically-inclined to join up with the trade unions and farmer organizations in a People's Front. There was something significant in the smallness of the poll for the Browder-Ford ticket; if it had been greater, it would have been normal; since it was lesser, it became suspicious. It is not unlikely that the votes were staggered. For the present, the People's Front, the Farmer-Labor party, the American Labor party are better designations than the Communist party. Mr. Browder desires "fruitful collaboration." He proclaims Twentieth Century Americanism. He favors democracy, liberty, progress; he is even the defender of the flag. Mr. Browder coos sweetly.

OLD SMITH-TOWNER IN THE NEW CONGRESS

But it is still the same old bill

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

LIKE hard times, the Smith-Towner follies are still with us. More than eighteen years ago, Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, and the Hon. Horace Mann Towner, a member of the House from an Iowa district, arose in their respective places, and offered a bill to create an establishment for the control by Congress of education in the States. To tabulate the myriad editions through which this bill has passed would tax the patience of a skilled statistician. But in spite of all changes, the Smith-Towner bill remained the same old bill; or, in the inspired—and conflated—words of twittering Tommy Moore:

You may break, you may shatter the vase
if you will,

But the scent of Smith-Towner will hang
round it still.

Not unnaturally, the central difficulty encountered when the cobblers fell to work on the bill was centered in the bill's center. The prime purpose of the bill was fairly apparent from the outset. It was to vest Congress with authority to aid the schools of poverty-stricken States, and to kick the rich but recreant States into some semblance of academic respectability. But opulent States do not permit themselves to be kicked, free of charge to the assailer; hence, for effective operation, the bill must carry a large appropriation.

Of this money, one part would be ear-marked for States willing to allow themselves to be duly paid and duly kicked. Another part would be reserved for the mendicant States, lined up, hat in hand, at the backdoor of the Department of Education. But as the climate of Washington is somewhat humid, Federal money is commonly quite sticky and has a way of adhering to the hands of Federal administrators. This well-known phenomenon is called "overhead," and would account for the rest of the appropriation.

The details referring to filthy lucre thus arranged, the conditions of distribution, on the "fifty-fifty" plan, were gradually unfolded. The school programs of the several States were to be submitted to some authority in Washington for examination and, if deemed necessary, for revision. By "authority" I do not mean an authority in education. At Washington, an "authority" may merely be a man distinguished for ready obedience to his political boss.

Should a State claim a share of this Federal patronage, and at the same time decline to submit its educational plans to the Washington authority, the deal is off. In case a State, having with all humility submitted its educational program, balked at the prospect of a revision by this Washington authority, the deal was off again. In fact, it was never on, except at the price of submission. Any good little State might stick a finger into the Federal pie and draw out a plum. All the others were to be sent to bed supperless.

This brazen proposition never got out of the committee room. Even the combined efforts of George D. Strayer, Hugh Magill, who has since turned his talents as a lobbyist to more openly commercial projects, Miss Charl Williams, and the little group of serious thinkers who control the National Education Association, could not get it out. The first play brought a penalty of half the distance to the goal. Successive efforts failed to put the ball over, and when the whistle blew at the end of the game, it was evident that what the Smith-Towner bill needed was a Knute Rockne to drill the team in a game that seemed to be wide-open and was as tricky as Ah Sin.

That coach has never been found. His real task was to devise a method of using Federal money for purposes not controlled by the Federal Government. And that cannot be done. What Washington subsidizes, Washington controls, lock, stock and barrel. Washington is no shrinking violet. It is an octopus. Proponents of Smith-Townerism may declare that they abhor Federal control of the local schools, but as long as any Federal education bill carries an appropriation to be used for local schools, on conditions prescribed and enforced by Federal authority, they must embrace what they profess to abhor.

An instance of this control was afforded last month by a decision in the Supreme Court in New York County. A group of teachers in the vocational schools sought to compel the Board of Education to reduce their service from six and one-half to five and one-half hours, as in the other high schools. The Board objected on the ground that under the Federal Smith-Hughes law, any school in receipt of Federal aid for vocational work must be in session for at least thirty hours a week, or six hours a day

for a five-day week. Were a change made, the Board would lose a Federal "grant" of \$350,000 per year.

Justice McLaughlin upheld the validity of the Smith-Hughes Act, and dismissed the petition of the teachers. "If the Federal Government, giving the city but \$350,000 per year, insists on prescribing the exact length of the school day," comments the *New York Sun*, "how much further would it dictate school policies if its contributions ran into millions every year?" That question is very pertinent, since Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, and the Hon. Brooks Fletcher, representing an Ohio district in the House, have prepared a new Smith-Towner bill which proposes to authorize an annual Federal grant of \$300,000,000. The measure will be submitted in January.

A synopsis of this bill has been sent out by the National Education Association, along with an application blank for membership. "We are determined, with the co-operation of educational people throughout the United States," writes the executive secretary of the Association, "to make the Harrison-Fletcher bill for Federal support to education the law of the land during the next Congress." Although the bill carries an appropriation, we are assured by the Association that it forbids Federal control. "All control, administration, and supervision of schools and of educational programs are reserved strictly to the States and forbidden to all Federal officers and agencies."

That is the guarantee given in paragraph 4; unfortunately for the guarantee, paragraph 5 is styled "What the States *Must* Do." It is obvious, then, that the States must qualify, and qualify in a manner acceptable to the bureaucrat at Washington who may happen to be in control. If it does not so qualify, it will be excluded from sharing in the appropriation. Here we have at the outset not a disavowal of Federal authority, but a plain assertion of that authority.

To come down to detail, one of the conditions prescribed is that "the State must spend from State or local revenues or from both combined as much per person, 5 to 20 years old, for schools as was spent in the school year ending 1934." Now it might be a good thing for the States to spend that amount of money for educational purposes, or it might not be. My point is that the manner in which the States expend funds for education is no business of the Federal Government. To admit that it is, is an affirmation of the principle that the Federal Government may interfere in the internal affairs of a State school system, and enforce its will by bestowing or withholding monies which have been paid into the treasury of the United States by all the people of the States. Once the principle is admitted, the Federal Government may intervene not only to regulate school finances, but also to control school policies, school aims, and school administration, and enforce its dictation by the very simple but very powerful means of giving or refusing money for use in the local communities.

The States now control local education, through the powers conferred by their respective Constitu-

tions, and limited by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. No extension of control in any form to the Federal Government should be countenanced.

It will not do as an assurance to say that the Harrison-Fletcher bill compels the States to do merely what every State should do voluntarily. First of all, the principle that it is licit or proper for the Federal Government to intervene in local education in any degree, except through the courts when some Federal guarantee is imperiled, cannot be admitted. On that principle a complete Federal control can be based. Next, should the bill now contemplated make merely one demand upon the States, it can be amended by a following Congress to make a dozen more, and probably will be so amended. As the late Vice-President Marshall once remarked, one need not live long in Washington to see a bureau grow into a complete parlor and bedroom set. Finally, while it may be good policy for the States hereafter to spend every year as much on local education as they spent in 1934, it may also be bad policy. On such matters every State should be confirmed in its power to act freely, without fear of Federal coercion.

It is well at this time to keep in mind the story of the camel who was permitted, after his assurance, doubtless, that he would go no farther, to get his nose under the tent. Today the Federal Government has extended its hand to many of the police powers of the States, and now proposes to reach out to the few that have thus far escaped. Not all of this Federal activity is bad, but it is decidedly bad that so much is done by the Federal Government. One by one the States are relinquishing, in response to Federal lures, their rights; that is, they are being encouraged to evade their duties. Surely we are not building a great and prosperous nation by breaking down local initiative, local pride, local independence, and power of local self-government. We are, rather, creating a centralized State, most of whose citizens have been trained to mendicancy. On a basis of broken States and of enfeebled citizens, the Government established by the Constitution cannot endure.

Should control of education be centered in Washington through the Harrison-Fletcher bill, we may expect new and wider encroachments. An enlarged maternity bureau and an engorged children's bureau may be looked for, and this without the aid of even the so-called child-labor Amendment. To permit these and similar forms of control over human interests to be regulated, or even supervised by the central Government (in practice, by a crowd of politicians at Washington), must mean that a large degree of control or even all control, has passed from the very people most intimately concerned. We can fight policies in a local community with some hope of success. It is difficult to fight Washington since, to speak frankly, Washington by its control of nation-wide patronage can paralyze local effort.

Centralization has already gone too far. Defeat of the Harrison-Fletcher bill will be a wholesome rebuke to this unconstitutional policy.

LEAKAGE OUT OF PETER'S BARQUE

Statistics of a house to house survey

A WORRIED PASTOR

RECENTLY, an article in *AMERICA* spoke enthusiastically about Europe returning to the Faith, and of the active Catholic life everywhere manifest on the Continent, as exemplified in the many new churches being erected there. This is very stimulating news. Alas! I wish the same thing could be said for America. I know nothing of European conditions. I have been spending all my energies in my own Eastern parish, and although it pains me to say it, I incline to the opinion that Peter's Barque is leaking badly in America. My reason for so saying is not based on hearsay, gossip, rumor; it is founded upon a personal house to house visitation of this parish this present year, during which we rang every door bell, Protestant and Catholic, Pagan and Christian, Jew and Gentile, and we have recorded and catalogued the name and address of every one approached, and we have a personal interview to substantiate every statistic given and every conclusion drawn.

Here are some of the startling items we discovered after a very thorough and exhaustive survey of the parish.

1. One family out of every four in this parish is childless, the precise figure being twenty-five per cent. If Birth Control is making as much headway in other parishes as it is in this, there will be precious little necessity for erecting any new Catholic Schools to take care of the increased enrollment. The simple fact is that there won't be any increased enrollment.

2. Population experts assure us that unless there are at least three children per family, the race will not be on an even keel; yet in this parish the average number of children is 1.7 per family. Our figures are for our families at the present time, and do not account for children married, dead, or not now living in this parish, for all of whom we have no statistics whatsoever. But it sort of makes each particular hair to stand on end to know that in our own parish we have just about one half as many children as are necessary to maintain the family in equilibrium.

3. Twenty three per cent of all our families are mixed marriages. One third of them are Catholic men, and two-thirds Catholic women. A special intensive and exhaustive study of the whole mixed

and invalid marriage problem is under way in this parish. It will cover not only the present but former generations as well, and include the educational background and the racial antecedents of the persons involved.

4. Closely allied with the whole Birth Control movement is the problem of invalid marriages. In this parish one couple out of every nine is involved in an invalid union, the exact figure being eleven per cent. This disquieting number, when subjected to study, reveals that two-thirds of these invalid marriages can be validated, but they manifest no earnest desire to become reconciled to the Church; the remaining one-third, or four per cent of all our marriages are nothing in the eyes of God and the Church but an unlawful union in which one or both parties is a nominal and a baptized Catholic, and whose sad situation can be straightened out only by death.

5. In addition to all this, there is the sorrowful total of one out of every twenty families in this parish being separated, the husband and wife having parted for a great variety of reasons, liquor being a prominent factor. To have even five per cent of our total marriages prove unsuccessful is a sad commentary on youthful unseemly haste to marry.

6. We are sometimes deceived by the crowds at Mass on Sunday mornings, thinking that every one in the parish has complied with his sacred duty. Not so fast. A lot of our flock sleep in on Sundays and never go to Mass at all. And the extent to which they do so is appalling. On their own admission, one person out of every nine in this parish does not attend Mass on Sundays, and has not gone to Mass for years on end. The precise figure of this sort of so-called Catholic is eleven per cent of our total parish population.

7. When it comes to fulfilling the Easter duty, one person out of every eleven in this parish fails to receive the Sacraments at Easter time; the exact figure here is nine per cent. Money is not the cause; we have no pew rent; we have no collections at the church doors; no seat-money collections; Catholicism is free in this parish. There is absolutely nothing that should jar or disturb even the most meticulous persons.

It is difficult to keep such figures in mind, so I shall set them down in a summary:

Number of children per family	1.7 per cent. (This does not account for children married, or dead, or moved away).
Number of childless marriages	25 per cent of all marriages in the parish
Mixed marriages	23 per cent of all marriages in the parish
Invalid marriages	11 per cent of all marriages in the parish
Impossible validation	4 per cent of all marriages in the parish. (That is, one third of all invalid unions can never be validated).
Widows with families	15 per cent of all families in the parish
Widows living entirely alone	4 per cent of all families in the parish
Children raised Protestants	2.3 per cent of all the children in the parish
Families separated	5 per cent of all families in the parish
Single persons of adult age living alone	20 per cent of all persons in the parish
Missing Mass on Sundays	11 per cent of all persons in the parish
Failing to receive Easter Communion	9 per cent of all persons in the parish

I sit and scratch my venerable gray hairs and wonder if this is the worst parish in the world, or

if there are any other parishes in the United States with such a lamentable moral and spiritual tale as the above statistics indicate.

Will some holy and zealous and knowing pastor tell me what to do to stem the tide of leakage that seems to be inundating this congregation, where the people live quite close to the church; they are well educated; they are all English speaking; no Italians are included in the above figures; the parish has provided the finest grade and high school facilities that money can procure.

On its spiritual side the parish provides for a solid devotional life unmatched by any congregation in the country; the parish clergy are alert, devoted and unwearied; there is scarcely a need, moral, intellectual, spiritual, social, recreational, that is not provided by the parish itself, and yet with it all it looks as if we were headed "adown titanic glooms" on the broad and easy way that leads to perdition.

Can any modern, up to date, city-slicker pastor tell me what to do, and how to do it? Can he tell me, with his hand on his heart, about his own highly efficient-unspotted-by-this-world-parish? Can he support his statements with accurate statistics giving name, address and a personal interview to corroborate them, as we can? No guess work allowed; no rule of thumb permitted. Let us have the facts, however cold, brutal, and disturbing they be.

ATHEIST, ANARCHIST BUT HE KNELT TO PRAY

No man can ever rid himself of belief in God

ALEXANDER BEDENKOFF



PRAYER is a powerful force. Nothing else can give such peace of mind, determination and solace. Not only religious but even godless people, at their critical moments, seek consolation in prayer. There are many examples in history of atheists and renegades who, discouraged and losing their senses, thought of God and began unconsciously to pray.

Here are some reminiscences of a Russian nobleman, V. B., about his life at the time of the Bolshevik terror. It was in November, 1917, when the Bolsheviks overthrew the government of Kerensky and put the peaceful population into fright, everywhere spreading terror. V. B. was obliged to hide

from Bolsheviks who hunted all noblemen and put them to death. He lived in Moscow with his mother, on State Street, in the house of Holineff, not far from the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour (now destroyed by Bolsheviks). The house was a one-story building with colonnade in front. Before the house was a small garden, neglected and abandoned.

We will cite here V. B.'s own narrative:

Words are inadequate to express all the horrors of that troubled time. Day and night some individuals, armed to the teeth, went from house to house for common inquiry. Only God knew for what they

searched, but search they did; unceremoniously ransacked papers, and everything in the house; were impertinent and always threatening. They arrested people without reason, just for amusement.

Everybody was unnerved and panic-stricken, always with awe awaiting those ransackers. Every ringing of a door-bell filled the inhabitants of the house with horrors and weird expectations. In the the deranged imagination of every person appeared fancied pictures of arrest and death at the wall. Nobody knew what was happening behind the closed door of his or her house. Everybody lived by rumors, and whatever nonsensical form these rumors assumed they were believed true.

I was in a most difficult and embarrassing state at that time. In the first place, I was an officer of the imperial army, so the most dangerous enemy of the people: a counter-revolutionary who ought to be shot at sight. I wore civilian clothes, tried to assume the most indifferent countenance. In the second place, I was alarmed about my mother, who, in case of my arrest, would die of heart failure.

On one of those turbulent days, in the house where I lived a door-bell suddenly was heard. It was noon. Our maid, a peasant girl who wanted to share all our misfortunes though she was free to leave us at any time, went to answer the door-bell, making the sign of the cross. In some seconds she came back and gave my mother a visiting card.

A visiting card! In November, 1917, when bloody revolution was spreading, a visiting card was rather absurd, sheer nonsense, foolishness!

"Look, Victor!" said my mother. "What is this?"

I approached my mother and took the visiting card. On it was printed: Kropotkin.

Of course, neither I nor my mother could guess it was famous Prince Kropotkin, the father of anarchism. The name of Prince Kropotkin was familiar to every one from schoolboy to grown-ups, not only in Russia but everywhere.

"I think," I said, "it is a namesake. We have nothing to do with the real Prince Kropotkin."

I knew that the Prince had lived in exile, mostly in Paris; but after the March revolution he came back to Russia and was received with enthusiasm.

"Let's go to the anteroom," said my mother, "and see what a bird is this."

To our great surprise, in the anteroom was standing Prince Kropotkin himself. There could not be any doubt. Whoever once had seen his picture, his characteristic beard, his slightly winking intelligent eyes looking through glasses, never could be mistaken. He was clad in simple but decent clothes. He held his hat in his left hand.

"What can I do for you?" asked my mother.

"I am exceedingly sorry for intruding," he began gently, "but I should like—to examine your apartment—with your permission."

There was nothing to do but comply with the Prince's wishes. Without doubt he had an authoritative order to examine the apartment and even to make a requisition if he liked. Moreover—who knew?—perhaps in the street were some of his partisans who, in case of need, could enter the apartment and take it by force in case of our protest.

My mother let him pass ahead. He entered one room and then another without stopping, as if he had lived there before or knew the arrangement of the lodgings. He entered the dining-room, looked around and suddenly wended his way to the room that was occupied by my mother.

"Oh, pardon me," my mother said when the Prince was going to open the door. "It is my sleeping-room."

He stopped for a moment before the door, looked at my mother and then, as if embarrassed, with some vibration in his voice said quickly:

"Yes, yes—I know. Excuse me—but I must enter this room."

He put his right hand on the door-knob and began to open the door slowly, then suddenly pulled the door and disappeared into the room.

I was indignant. Well, if the revolution forced us to suffer humiliations, to endure all these endless common inquiries, insolent questions on the part of soldiers and workers, it was quite natural and easy to understand because they were common people and ignorant.

But Prince Kropotkin? He was a man of society, had the same education, the same refinement as we. Suppose he was an anarchist, atheist, Bolshevik: was it possible that the time and the ideology of his doctrine might have eaten away his noble sentiments, his good breeding?

I was so excited by the Prince's behavior that I was tempted to reprimand him, to speak out everything that was lying heavily upon my heart. I was in that state of indignation when a man loses his temper and cannot govern himself.

I approached the room, flung open the door—and suddenly stood rooted to the spot. Prince Kropotkin was kneeling before the image-case in the room of my mother and was praying. I saw him making the sign of the cross, doing the genuflection. I did not see his face, nor his eyes, as I looked at him from behind. His kneeling figure, his ardent prayer, made him appear so humble as he whispered slowly the words of the prayer. He was so absorbed that he did not notice he was not alone.

Suddenly all my rage, my hatred toward this man had evaporated as a fog under the rays of the sun. I was so moved that I gently closed the door behind me and slowly stepped back.

"He is praying! You understand? *Praying*," I said to my mother.

"Praying! Why, then . . ." My mother was so amazed that she did not finish her sentence.

Prince Kropotkin stayed in my mother's room about twenty minutes. At last he came out. He came out as a child who had fallen into error, not raising his eyes as if acknowledging his fault—but smiling. He came near my mother, took her hand, kissed it and then said in a very low voice:

"I thank you very much for allowing me to visit your house. Don't be angry with me. . . . You see—in that room my mother died. . . . It was a great solace to me, being in her room again. . . . Thank you—thank you very much."

His voice trembled, his eyes were damp. Quickly he took his leave and disappeared behind the door.

CATHOLIC AGRARIANS SWING INTO ACTION

Religion shows its power in the Dakotas

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

RAIN was pouring when Father Estergaard and I drove into Fargo from Big Stone City, S. D. Ten miles before we reached Moorhead, across the river from Fargo, the gasoline had given out, unexpectedly exhausted from constantly buffeting a northerly wind. Night fell, as did the thermometer. Were it not for the kindly help of a passing farmer who bumped us over a mathematically level road to the nearest service station (closed for the night) at the hamlet of Rustad, we might have spent the days of the fourteenth session of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference freezing at the edge of a wheatfield. Rustad had a pleasant Scandinavian sound to the ears of Father Estergaard, whose heart goes out to his northern kinsmen, and he considered it a good omen.

How North Dakota looks to the natives of North Dakota I find, as an Easterner, difficult to visualize. Doubtless they see its huge reaches in terms of little home neighborhoods, as people do everywhere: Uncle Joe's town, the place where Bill first met Mary, and the farm where we went fishing as kids. But to the visitor from less expansive regions, the prairie overwhelms the mind with the phenomenon of land. There is the same staggering inability to connect in the imagination the small area that the eye takes in with the infinite stretches of just the same sort of thing beyond and beyond and beyond, that you experience when you first find yourself out in the middle of the ocean. And the same queer mixture of the friendly and threatening in nature.

A few minutes before, the sun as it sank caught broadside a silvered grain elevator, blazoning it like an enchanted tower against an inky sky. Acres of straw stubble gleamed sharp against black soil and distant pale clumps of trees. Then the soil looked sweet. Now it was bitter and gloomy. But sweet or bitter, rain-soaked or dust-puffed into the clouds, we found during the following days that this land was intensely loved and those who had no wish to cling to it were negligible in number.

More than 5,000 persons gathered at the four-days' session in Fargo. It was held at the North Dakota State Agricultural College, on the outskirts of the city, through the kindness of President Shepherd and his faculty. The homelike and hospitable city was organized to welcome us through the

genius of Father Vincent Ryan, that scholarly apostle who presides over St. Patrick's parish. A singular sight was presented in the main college auditorium, Festival Hall. Upstairs and downstairs galleries were a riot of displays: visual material for catechetics, children's books, catechetical exhibits from country parishes, exhibits of publishing and church-furnishing firms, various agencies and societies, most of which display has become in the last two or three years a recognized part of Catholic Action conventions. Some sixteen Bishops from the United States and Canada, and several Abbots attended the papers and discussions, while many more sent special messages. From city and country parishes in the Middle West and Northwest and scattering East and South came about 450 priests, while hundreds of teaching Sisters thronged the hall. Yet all were in a minority to the agricultural populace young and old who attended from start to finish.

Speaking with reference to the coming meeting at Fargo the Most Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul observed:

The Conference renders invaluable service in drawing attention to the solicitude which the Church has always and everywhere exercised for the well-being of agriculture and those identified with it; in portraying the dignity of the agrarian occupation and its excellence as the surest source, normally, of material and spiritual security, in pleading for a practical recognition of the demands of Christian justice and charity within the ranks of agriculture itself, as also in the multiple situation where the interests of the industrialist and the farmer offer possibilities of conflict.

There are different ways in which the Church can operate to make life more feasible for those who dwell upon the land. In the first place, practice of religion can be made much more tolerable and easy than it usually is in the scattered rural regions of the United States. From its beginning, the Conference has devoted attention to the paramount question of religious instruction for rural children. Character training, visual education, the religious education of children in the home, the religious vacation school, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, religious correspondence schools, the work of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in rural parishes, are all part of its program, which were discussed by specialists.

But the facilitation of religious practice, the development of religious life, while it lays the foundation and secures the paramount good, is all vain, all its efforts are lost, unless the tiller of the soil can make his living from the soil. If he cannot keep his home, if he cannot educate his children, if he cannot make a livelihood, all the opportunities of religion are wasted upon empty pews. For he will bundle his belongings into the old Model T and make off to join the urban proletariat and so ultimately get upon the relief rolls.

Or he may start rolling West to Oregon or the Coulee Dam country in Washington. One lovely October day just past, some 230 families rolled into one Oregon town and they kept on rolling. If they cannot come in Fords they come on freight cars. The tune of the old spiritual: "I'm a rollin' through an unfrien'ly worl'" might well be sung by them; for at many State lines in the West you now see neatly established "ports of entry," with no signs of welcome for such immigrants. Such a "port" meets you even as you enter Idaho from Washington.

Yet the optimism of the people in the drought-stricken regions is tremendous, and the Conference passed a special resolution commending it. You feel, rightly or wrongly, that such optimism cannot fail, that there is a power behind it which no force of mere nature can overcome.

But how can the Church get justice and charity applied to the land? One way is by advocating appropriate governmental legislation. Let us hope that with the task of getting re-elected laid upon the shelf, the present Administration will give thought to the fact that as yet little has been done to enable a young man to take up farming, even though he be competent and experienced. Nooks and corners of the more fertile and attractive regions of the country such as the Pacific Northwest, are dotted with makeshift cabins and garden patches that denote a despairing attempt to find access to the soil. But with the expenditure of billions upon public works, with all that is done to refinance home ownership, little appears to be done to finance those who wish to start when young.

The crucial question of rural taxation still remains unsolved. No method has yet been devised whereby the man who represents the backbone religiously and economically of the nation, the man who raises a family while actually living upon and operating the small tract of land that he owns shall not be penalized by the burden of land taxes. He bears a burden which should properly fall upon the absentee owners of large estates or upon agricultural corporations or upon the various agencies that obtain the smaller farmer's money.

Legislation however cannot substitute for voluntary effort, for what can be accomplished in the rural parishes by adult education and cooperative endeavor. Around this topic centered the most animated discussions of the Conference.

In the last couple of years interest in the United States has risen rapidly in the cooperative movement, both the finance cooperatives or credit unions and the consumers' cooperatives. Much of this in-

terest was aroused by the success of the programs carried out for the people of Eastern Nova Scotia by the faculty of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, and their associates. At the Fargo conference that work was described by the Rev. Michael Gillis, of St. Francis Xavier's. The Bishop of Fargo, the Most Rev. Aloysius J. Muench, D.D., recommended the establishment of the credit union in every parish of his diocese. At the conference he described the actual working of the credit union in the parishes.

While the vast possibilities for good of the cooperative movement were enthusiastically welcomed, it was not hailed as a panacea for all economic and social ills. In Canada the Church has drawn a sharp line between the socialistic application of cooperative methods to government advocated by the Woodsworth's Cooperative Commonwealth Federation and voluntary cooperative organization encouraged and coordinated by the State, in the spirit of the Encyclicals. At Fargo stress was laid upon the basic truth known to all who have engaged in cooperative enterprises, that these are not pledged to success unless those who take part in them, even as mere beneficiaries, are previously thoroughly grounded in cooperative principles, not technical rules of the cooperative game alone, but also in Christian virtues of justice and charity. The success of the Antigonish experiment is attributable to its recognition of this truth.

That religion is the ground work of true American culture, that the family is the unit of society and that its needs should determine the size of the agricultural economic unit, that tenancy should be restrained and distributed ownership of the land encouraged, that the curricula of rural schools should consider the specific needs of rural children, that the Four-H Club movement ably advocated by the Rev. Felix Pitt, Superintendent of Schools of the diocese of Louisville, is a prime extra-curricular means to this end, that Catholic children justly claim a share in vocational training, transportation and other extra-curricular benefits provided by the State at the taxpayers' expense, and other matters embodied in the Conference resolutions, are becoming accepted by all thinking persons, even non-Catholics, who are familiar with the rural situation.

The most difficult task of all still lies before the Catholic Rural Life Conference: that of helping to formulate a truly organic social and governmental policy for the nation from the standpoint of Christian ethics, and of agriculture as man's most basic occupation. Invitations from non-denominational groups have been received for such an undertaking, which is expected to give plenty of work for the Conference during the coming year.

The Catholic Agrarian movement displays less decorative foliage than other more popular activities. The spectacular and the sentimental find little part in it. But its roots are deep in the physical existence and basic moral problems of the Catholic people. Forgotten today, these cares of the humble will be the debate of the mighty tomorrow. No other movement can more clearly demonstrate the creative power of religion.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

INDIAN PSYCHE AND INDIAN SURVIVAL

RETURNING on Election Day, the Pilgrim registers a vote of thanks to the Puritan for setting him free to wander. Indeed, only a stern sense of duty keeps him from imposing indefinitely upon the Puritan's good nature, since he knows that this good nature as well as the Puritan's wit and wisdom, are not readily exhausted. However, with Puritanical thrift, the Pilgrim refrains from now further drawing upon this account, having a canny eye to future contingencies.

In the course of aforesaid wanderings, the Pilgrim saw opportunity to satisfy some of his curiosity—among many curiosities—on what is becoming of the American Indian, who was here long before either Pilgrims or Puritans cumbered the scene.

Indian Commissioner John Collier recently expressed his belief that the Indians are not on the wane. The Indian Bureau's statistical division reported that full-blooded Indians had increased 5.3 per cent from 1930 to 1935, an annual rise of 1.06 per cent. The total United States population increased .7 per cent annually in 1934 and 1935, and 1.8 per cent annually from 1920 to 1930.

Dropping in one day at the historic St. Ignatius Mission on the Flathead Reservation near Missoula, Montana, familiar to many a motorist through the Rockies, he heard quite a different story from Father Louis Taelman, S.J., who has worked among the Indians for forty-six years and speaks the Crow and Flathead languages like one of their own. His own experience of tribes in the Northwest has been that of a vanishing race. "But a comparative handful of pure bloods remain," says Father Taelman, "and the offspring are physically delicate."

When you look at the fine, active, jolly children in the Ursuline Sisters' school, with their clear complexions and smiling faces, your heart is wrung by the thought of what might have been if the Catholic Indian had received a fair deal from the Federal Government these thirty and more years past. Adjacent to the stately brick Mission church enlivened by Brother Carignano's famous paintings, and the capacious frame building formerly a scholasticate and now serving as mission headquarters, are the badly weathered structures that once proudly housed a splendid trade school for Indian boys, closed now since 1896 when the Government decided that it was its "unalterable policy" to aid no private or sectarian institution.

One thing, however, I fail to understand, namely, how an administration so deeply concerned, as Mr. Collier so often says, that the Indians should lead their *own life*, that they should enjoy "social and

psychical survival," should ignore the patent fact that socially and psychically, as well as religiously, these Flathead Indians are Catholics and nothing else. In a couple of days' stay I had, of course, little opportunity to discourse with the Indians themselves, though I witnessed the love and affection with which ancient braid-haired warriors as well as stalwart youth talked to "Louis," as they call their spiritual chief. But I gathered from the few words I had with them that Indians like most people close to nature see things as a whole and not in artificial compartments. Louis' people are absolutely and essentially Catholic. There is not among them that residue of former paganism that so intrigues the ethnologist. Christianity was not even brought to them by the white man. The first missionaries to the Flatheads were Iroquois Indians from New York State, Grand Ignace and his heroic companions, whom the Hudson Bay Company brought to the Northwest. *Their Faith* had come to them from the Saints, Jogues and his companions, whom their ancestors had martyred.

Today these people are aliens in their own land, to use Louis' expression. What a land! Were the Mission Valley with the glories of the Mission and Jocko Ranges with its lakes and pastures anywhere in the Old World it would be the symbol of Paradise, like the Vale of Cashmere. Little by little the white man's administrative policies have pushed the Indian off his own acres, while no provision is made for settling young Indians upon the land. Hundreds of the Mission's youth are employed upon nearby Government hydro-electric projects and other works, but the essential need of the people, that they should retain the country the Lord gave them is not, so I was informed, looked after.

The beautiful Bitter Root Valley, with its soil worth millions of dollars for beet raising and other types of agriculture was purchased, or rather robbed, from the Indians for a total of \$60,000, all or most of which has long since disappeared.

Mr. Collier believes that the physical survival of the Indian is closely linked with his social and psychical revival. The story of the dwindling peoples of the South Seas, such as the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands and the remarkable comeback of the aboriginal peoples of New Zealand in recent years, confirms this teaching.

If these tribes disappear, it is because they are subjected to a policy which virtually deprives them of *their* land and the source of their physical existence, and because they are deprived of a complete educational opportunity which will present a *whole* to their intelligence, to their religious Faith, as well as to their hands and senses. In the meanwhile, praise to those devoted men and women who give them what Catholic education is possible under the circumstances!

THE PILGRIM

FATHER BURKE, C.S.P.

OFFICIAL titles do not seem to fit some men. Every great man is greater than any outward title that can be given him. Probably no Frenchman ever spoke of the Rt. Rev. Jean-Baptiste-Marie Vianney, although this parish priest had been raised to the dignity of a papal prelate. The whole world called him the Curé of Ars, because his devotion to his parish seemed to express so much better what the holy man was. It still holds to that simple designation, even after the Church has canonized him as St. Jean Vianney.

Father John J. Burke, of the Congregation of St. Paul, living, would have resented our implied comparison with the Curé of Ars. To us it does not seem out of place. Only a few short months ago, the Holy See bestowed upon Father Burke a dignity which carried with it the title "Monsignor," yet we and whole Catholic public have known him so long as "Father" that we could not easily bring ourselves to give him his papal title. The holy priest at Ars valued the distinction which came to him from Rome, and so did Father Burke. But it is quite impossible to think that either took it, except as an invitation to work harder and to practise deeper humility.

Father Burke worked hard, and he schooled himself in humility. His labors made him a great public figure, and like all strong men in similar circumstances, he had his opponents, perhaps his enemies. Any man who undertakes a worth-while work for God or man must look for both. When Father Burke thought that God's glory was at stake, force rather than tact marked his words and his conduct. Those who fear that this characteristic is incompatible with true humility may be referred to certain passages in the life of St. Jerome, and of those comparatively modern Saints, Robert Bellarmine and Peter Canisius. There never was a mealy-mouthed Saint. Probably it was because he was humble as well as strong and outspoken, that people rarely called him "Doctor" or "Monsignor," but almost always "Father." And, like the late Rt. Rev. Monsignor Kerby, his intimate friend, that was the style he preferred.

In his sermon at the funeral, the Bishop of Pittsburgh completed the picture of Father Burke. Father Burke was "a unique compound of the mystic, the priest, and the skilful man of affairs," and his position as general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference brought him closely in contact with leaders in Church and State. "How irreplaceable," said the Bishop, "is the grave wisdom, the gracious touch, and the capacity for devoted service which he has taken away with him." All who knew Father Burke will recognize the picture.

For Father Burke there are no more perplexing problems, no troubling controversies, for the day is done, and the laborer has been called home. From all our readers we ask a prayer that the soul of this humble hard-working priest of God, John J. Burke, of the Congregation of St. Paul, may be speedily admitted into the presence of God.

EDITOR

LOSERS

ABOUT one-third of the voters who went to the polls on November 3 had heavy hearts on November 4. We hope that their hearts will not remain in this depressed condition. When Robert E. Lee, after giving all that he had for Southern independence, found himself in 1865 a homeless and impoverished man, he laid aside all rancor, and taught the young men of the South to become good citizens under the Stars and Stripes. Or, if a modern instance be asked, we can find it in Alfred E. Smith who said on November 4: "Put your shoulder to the wheel and stand behind the President."

INJUSTICE TO CATHOLICS

SOME of the most enlightening commentaries on the State and education, and on social justice and the State, which have appeared within the last few years, have come from the pen of the illustrious Archbishop of Cincinnati. What recommends these commentaries to the thinking mind is not only the Archbishop's clear statement of profound principles in philosophy and theology, but his sympathetic understanding of the meaning of constitutional government. The Catholics of the Province of Cincinnati are blest in having him as their leader.

In a pamphlet issued toward the end of October, Archbishop McNicholas discusses the Catholic viewpoint on the subject of taxation for educational purposes. Some paragraphs deal with local conditions, but the general theme must be of interest to all educators, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, and to citizens who are at least beginning to understand the value to society of the schools conducted by the Church. Something is assuredly out of joint when the State, which rightly claims an interest in the education of the child, steadfastly refuses to make the child a beneficiary of funds collected from all the people for educational purposes, unless it is enrolled in a State-controlled school.

As the Archbishop pointedly observes, our schools do not exist by mere toleration. "Since our schools have a Divine and a constitutional right to exist," he writes, "and since the State is collecting money for education, the State is bound by fundamental justice to aid these schools." Yet what is the actual condition? Il-

CIVIL SERVICE

BOTH candidates for the Presidency promised to reform the Federal civil service. That was to be expected, for no intelligent man can possibly approve the hodge-podge that now passes for civil service at Washington. But politicians have made that promise for nearly seventy years. Civil service began in 1883, and since that time the fortunes of the system have gone up and down, but mostly down, so that today the level nears that of 1883. It is not too much to ask that the United States choose its employes for merit only, not as a reward for political service.

CATHOLIC CHILDREN

Illustrating by a local example, the Archbishop shows that in Hamilton county, in which the city of Cincinnati is located, there are approximately 22,000 children in the Catholic primary, and about 6,000 in the Catholic high schools. For the education of these children, nothing is contributed by State, county, or city. All expenses are borne by Catholics, who in addition must pay *three* separate taxes for schools which they cannot in conscience use. A fourth tax, in the form of additional school levies, was in prospect when the Archbishop wrote, from the benefits of which the pupils in Catholic schools were also to be excluded. Taking all taxes together, the Archbishop estimates that about forty per cent will be paid by Catholics. But of these sums, ostensibly raised for public education, not one penny can be used for the pupils in a Catholic school. The conditions here described are grievously unjust.

Catholics nowhere ask the State to support their schools. All they ask is that they be considered citizens and that this discrimination against them shall be removed. They demand that they shall not be subjected to still heavier penalties for the grievous crime of using their God-given and constitutional liberty to send their children to Catholic schools. Restrictions on "sectarian" schools may, it is true, be found in State Constitutions. But the right of the State to aid children in private schools has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in its decision on the Louisiana school-book law.

MUSTERING sixteen votes, the Schechter family went to the polls and cast their ballots for President Roosevelt. Two years ago, the Schechters were much in the public eye. The family and various connections owned a poultry merchandising business which had collided with the National Recovery Act, and they took their case to the Supreme Court of the United States. That august tribunal, so far removed from politics that its members do not even vote, ruled that the Act which the President had publicly styled the cornerstone of his Administration could have no place in government under the Constitution of the United States.

Yet on election day, the Schechters turned back to the President, and most of the country went with them. In all our history only one President, Washington, has been elected unanimously. Monroe, whose Administration has been called "the era of good feeling," would have been chosen unanimously by the Electoral College had not one sturdy old conservative withheld his ballot out of reverence for the name of Washington. But next to Monroe stands Mr. Roosevelt who on November 3, contrary to the opinion of many political forecasters, won all the States except Maine and Vermont. The results of the election may be "explained," but they cannot be questioned. The people of the United States evidently believed that their fortunes would be safe in Mr. Roosevelt's hands.

We agree, however, with the *New York Times*, which supported Mr. Roosevelt in the campaign, that the people have not given the President a signed check, leaving him to fill in the amount. "The President's victory . . . does not mean that he has been given an order or authority to proceed along the line of a highly centralized government or new and radical policies." This is probably true, and that is why we regret that in the campaign the really fundamental issues were disappointingly ignored. We heard little or nothing of a revival of the National Recovery Act which, according to the Supreme Court, is incompatible with the limitations which the Constitution puts upon the powers of Congress. We heard considerably less of the need of amending the Constitution, or of amending the Supreme Court, either in its personnel or its authority, if the policies which Mr. Roosevelt, in the first years of his Administration, held to be cardinal, are to be enforced. Possibly the President thought it better to allow his followers to hope or to assume that the Act, in substance if not in terms, would be submitted to the next Congress, than to issue any positive statement which might bind him hereafter.

Yet it is fairly clear that the Supreme Court, as at present constituted, will reject any measure which embodies the principles of the National Industrial Recovery Act. If, then, the President intends to resume the policies which he inaugurated in 1933, the Constitution must be amended, or the Court must be changed. Either proposal will represent a radical change in our law and tradition.

That issue was not clearly before the people on November 3.

In some localities, the "radical" vote, chiefly Socialistic and Communistic, showed an increase that is disquieting. But the Townsend group which two years ago seemed to muster millions, was negligible, as was the vote for Mr. Lemke, and the vote cast by the remnants of the Huey Long party. Some months ago Father Coughlin predicted a poll of 10,000,000 votes for Mr. Lemke, but he received less than one-tenth of that number. No insurgent movement, including the defection of many leading Democrats, affected the results, and Mr. Roosevelt will take the oath of office for the second time with a Congress overwhelmingly Democratic at his back. He will also be sustained by the consciousness that, rated by the votes of his fellow-citizens, he is the most popular President since Monroe.

The President has our best wishes for a successful Administration, but we hope that he has forgotten the speech which he made in New York on October 31. Again we agree with the *New York Times* which remarked editorially that in this address, the President used words "that cause cold chills to run down the backs of his friends and supporters." Nor, we may add, do they like to hear a President boast that it is possible for an Administration to forge "shackles" and other forms of restraint, dangerous in any hands but its own. It is our view that under the American system all shackles are dangerous, save those which have been forged by the Constitution and by laws in conformity with the Constitution.

We shall support President Roosevelt whenever we believe that his acts promote the true welfare of the country, reserving the right of the humblest American citizen to dissent when it seems to us that he is wrong. We fervently pray that the Holy Spirit may be with him, as he addresses himself to the great task expressed in his oath of office: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

OPPOSITION NEEDED

WRITING a few days before the election, General Hugh Johnson, of Recovery Act fame, expressed his regret that the Republican party would not be defeated but broken and routed. What every Administration needed, he thought, particularly if it intended to test out new political experiments, was a strong, intelligent, and persistent opposition.

The results vindicate the General's reputation as a political forecaster. When Congress meets next January, it will be emphatically an Administration Congress. In the Senate, the Democrats will outnumber the Republicans by three and one-half to one, and in the House by four and one-half to one. The Republicans have no outstanding leader in either branch, and are at variance among themselves. As far as Congress is concerned, the Administration has no opposition.

Large majorities tend to develop internal splits, and the country may congratulate itself if this political phenomenon arises in Congress next winter. Meanwhile the 16,000,000 citizens who on patriotic grounds voted the Republican ticket should consider how they may best aid the nation's welfare.

THE LEAVEN

READING the Sunday Gospels, we understand why the common people heard Our Lord gladly. He was Himself a member of the working classes. As the Foster Son of Joseph the carpenter, He had been a village artisan, and His Hand knew the labor of the plane and the saw. All the little devices and artifices of people who have just enough to get along with, and sometimes not quite enough, were known to Him from experience in the little home at Nazareth. Hence while He always spoke as one having authority, He was accustomed to use homely phrases and comparisons which ordinary people could easily understand.

In the Gospel read tomorrow from the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, Our Lord tells us that the kingdom of heaven "is like to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened." In these days when bread is made in factories and rarely in the home, not many women, and fewer men, will catch the significance of the phrase. But perhaps some of us can remember how our mothers would mix yeast with the dough, and then put the pan near a warm corner of the hearth, and by morning the whole substance would be "raised" or "leavened." Without the leaven, the mass would be heavy and inedible; with it, the whole mass is lightened, and changed into a substance which can be made into wholesome bread.

Putting the more abstruse commentaries of the learned aside for the moment, it is possible to see in this Scriptural leaven grace working in the souls of men through the operation of the Holy Spirit. Without that grace, the soul is heavy and sodden; with it, the soul is light and subtle, fit for the kingdom. "I must be made bread for Christ," cried out St. Polycarp when he saw the beasts that would grind him with their teeth. Our souls too must be made heavenly bread, fit for the tables in the kingdom of God, by the operation of the Holy Spirit.

But it will also be useful to recall an interpretation sometimes given by preachers. Not so much an interpretation as a transference, it sees in this parable Catholics leavening the world through their good example. There is a call here for serious examination of our consciences. Is our example such that it will bring God to society? Is it such as to bring God even into the narrower society of our home? Were every Catholic an apostle through his good example, we should soon have the world at the feet of Christ, but many of us contradict by our lives the holiness of the Faith we profess. Some men are led to the Church by a good book, but more by the good example of Catholics. We preach for God or against Him, even when we know it not.

CHRONICLE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT RE-ELECTED. Approximately, a plurality of 11,000,000 votes were accorded Franklin D. Roosevelt, for President, and John N. Garner, for Vice-President. The Democratic candidates will be given 523 out of 531 votes in the electoral college. Forty-six States were listed in the Democratic column, as against Maine and Vermont for Governor Landon. The results of the Presidential polling established new records: never was a candidate given such a huge plurality in the popular vote; never, since the time of Monroe, did a candidate receive such a large proportion of the electoral vote; never has the Republican Party been so thoroughly repudiated; never since the nation grew up has a Presidential candidate had such a personal triumph. . . . The Democratic sweep extended itself to Congress. The Democratic increase in the House was from 321 to 334. In the Senate, the Democratic numbers rose from 70 to 75. State officials, likewise, participated in the Democratic landslide. . . . The Union party, headed by William Lemke, and inspired by Father Coughlin, signally failed to split the Roosevelt vote, registering less than 700,000. The Communist party, with Earl Browder as candidate, was reported as having 51,855. In New York State, where the Gubernatorial candidate, Robert Minor, received only 34,307 votes, the Communists lost standing as a legally recognized party. The Socialists under Norman Thomas suffered a loss, receiving 100,567 votes. The most notable success of the minor parties was that of American Labor, which had endorsed President Roosevelt. It polled nearly 300,000 votes in New York.

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MARITIME WORKERS STRIKE. Peace conversations between ship owners and workers suddenly collapsed and seven unions, affiliated with the Maritime Federation of the Pacific called a general strike on October 30. The agreements reached after the 1934 strike in San Francisco expired September 30. Truces held off workers' action while negotiations were being carried on. The unions demanded preferential union-hiring, cash-payment for overtime, instead of time-off in compensation, and an eight-hour day for employees on ships. . . . From the Pacific coast, the strike spread to the Southern and Eastern ports. In New York, as in other Eastern cities, a "sit down" strike was attempted through the efforts of Seamen's Defense Committee, an alleged "outlaw" group of the International Seamen's Association. This affiliate of the American Federation of Labor held to the agreements, expiring in 1937, with the Steamship Owners Association. The Seamen's Defense Committee, consisting of about twenty-five per cent of the Association, was characterized as Communistic.

CARDINAL PACELLI DEPARTS. On November 7, the Cardinal Secretary of State for the Vatican left New York after a most notable visit to the United States. Never before has a Papal Secretary of State visited this country, and seldom has any distinguished visitor seen so much of the United States or addressed so many assemblies. He toured all the areas from Boston to Washington, paying official calls and visiting educational and other institutions. On October 25 he left New York by airplane, stopped at metropolitan centers across the continent, reached Los Angeles and San Francisco, and was back in New York on October 31. After the elections, he called upon President Roosevelt at Hyde Park. Everywhere, in every section of the nation, Cardinal Pacelli was honored as the representative of the Holy Father, but he was held in the deepest respect and admiration because of his own personal charm, his priestly bearing, and his intellectual mastery.

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SPAIN. Insurgent troops crept closer to Madrid. They captured Leganes, six miles southwest of the heart of the city; plunged on three miles to the suburb of Carabanchel. Getafe, airport village eight miles south of Madrid's center, fell into their hands. Clouds of smoke and flames were witnessed rising from buildings in the center of Madrid. A British correspondent reported this area had been fired. . . . *L'Osservatore Romano* stated that Largo Caballero, Madrid Premier, was named an honorary member of the Soviet Atheist League. . . . Fragmentary reports of the horrors perpetrated on the Church in Spain by Reds continued filtering in. . . . Twenty houses of the Clerks Regular of the Pious Schools were confiscated; one burned. . . . St. Ferdinand College in Castile, Albacete College in Valance, were put to the flames. Thirteen of this Order in Catalonia were shot. Seven were massacred in Tamarite Delibera. . . . Of the Claretian Order in Catalonia, more than one-half were murdered. At Vich, near Barcelona, twenty-seven novices were butchered. In Andulasia, all the Fathers, clerical students, lay brothers, sixty-four in number, were murdered. . . . Bishop Bilbao, of Tortosa, announced that lack of cooperation among the Catholics in Spain was responsible for much of the present strife.

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ENGLAND. Standing in a drenching rain, thousands lined the streets between Buckingham Palace and Parliament to see King Edward VIII ride slowly by in the gilded state coach guarded by the colorful Grenadier Guards on his way to open Parliament. Instead of the gilded coach a modern auto zipped by without any Grenadiers around it. Rain kept the gilded coach under cover. Reaching the House of

Lords the King donned his royal robes, but carried an admiral's hat under his arm instead of a crown on his head. . . . Declaring he was a Protestant, he took an oath to support Protestantism; then commenced his first speech from the throne to the Parliament. . . . My Ministers' policy continues to be based on membership in the League of Nations. . . . On non-intervention in Spain. . . . Efforts to form a new Locarno pact will continue. . . . Measures to deal more effectively with disturbers of the peace (thought to be aimed at Fascists) will be taken. . . . Concern is felt over the situation in the Far East. . . . After my coronation in May, I will visit India. . . . The Labor Party suffered a setback in the municipal elections, surrendering 124 seats chiefly to the Conservatives.

FRANCE. King Leopold of Belgium recently announced a policy of neutrality for his country. Immediately French leaders commenced envisioning a line of forts across the Franco-Belgian border. Last week French Defense Minister, Eduard Daladier, announced France will extend the Maginot line of fortifications across the Belgian and Swiss frontiers. . . . The newly designated French Ambassador to Italy, Count Rene Doynel de Saint-Quentin, cannot go to Rome for a while. Italy wants his credentials addressed to the "King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia." France desires them limited to "King of Italy." . . . Premier Blum expressed confidence of continued Communist support for his regime, despite the recent attacks made on him by Maurice Thorez, Red leader.

ITALY. Surrounded by Milanese laborers working on a public reconstruction project, Premier Mussolini, former editor in Milan, grasped a pick, began to dig with the workmen. As he dug he was thinking intensely. The whole world was awaiting his announced speech to clarify the European situation. . . . Even German stations all over the Reich, usually closed to non-German voices, were rigged up for the words of Il Duce. . . . Mussolini dropped the pick, strode to the microphone. . . . Half a million enthusiastic Milanese surged below him. . . . His voice leaped out over Europe. . . . First let us clear the table of all illusions, of all conventional falsehoods and the lies that still constitute relics of the great shipwreck of Wilsonian ideology. . . . Disarmament, collective security, indivisible peace are dangerous illusions. . . . Italy will fight off any British attempt to throttle her in the Mediterranean. . . . France must modify its attitude toward Italy. . . . The Italo-German agreement is not exclusive; it beckons Britain, France, other European nations to join up. . . . Italy will continue to champion the movement for treaty revision, particularly for Hungary. Until justice is rendered to Hungary there can not be a definite systematization of interests in the Danubian basin. . . . Bolshevism and Communism is today only super-capitalism of a state carried to its most ferocious extreme. . . . Peace with all, with those near and afar. Armed

peace. . . . Standing by Mussolini's side as he spoke stood a delegation of German Nazis. . . . Authoritative sources revealed that Italy planned to increase its naval personnel from 60,000 to 100,000 to thwart any possible British Mediterranean threat.

REACTION. Hungarians greeted Mussolini's speech with frenzied enthusiasm. Visions of the return of lost Hungarian territory rose everywhere. . . . The press of Austria gave its hearty approval to Italian championship of Hungarian demands. . . . In Yugoslavia, while Mussolini's friendly references to Yugoslavia caused pleasure, his later espousal of Hungarian claims to Yugoslavian territory provoked dismay. . . . Mussolini's speech dropped into Rumania like a bombshell; turned even Rumanian Fascists against him. . . . The Czechoslovakian reception of Il Duce's oration was distinctly unfavorable.

GERMANY. Prices in Germany will be fixed by the Government under Hitler's four-year plan for a self-sufficient Germany. Economic dictator Goering, created a new price commissar, Josef Wagner, invested him with power to fix prices for goods and services of all kinds. . . . Dr. Goebbels said: "Never mind if we sometimes run short of butter and eggs. Today Germany is again a great power, determined to live." The world's greatest publicity man, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda for the Third Reich, celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday. Enormous throngs swarmed outside the Propaganda Ministry, "heiled" him all day. Out of the Chancellery across the street came a mustached figure, carrying an autographed photo of Hitler, a Dutch landscape. It was Adolf Hitler bringing gifts for Goebbel's birthday.

FOOTNOTES. Worldwide rumors that Joseph Stalin, Bolshevik autocrat, was grievously ill, were denied in Moscow. . . . Bakr Sidky Pasha, military leader of Iraq, dropped bombs into Baghdad, machine-gunned a bit; then asked the Cabinet to resign. It did. King Ghazi accepted its resignation. . . . Eamon de Valera outlined the provisions of the new Irish Constitution. Under this Constitution Ireland will be completely independent. After it passes the Dail, a separate enactment will keep the Free State within the British Commonwealth of Nations. . . . In Palestine's six-month period of terror, more than 1,600 casualties and 314 deaths were reported. Among the Moslems, 187 were killed; eighty Jews met death. . . . China's new spirit of nationalism was demonstrated in the birthday fete accorded Gen. Chiang Kai-shek on his fiftieth anniversary. All classes from coolies to the richest merchants participated all over the vast reaches of China. The people gave the General a birthday gift—fifty airplanes. . . . China's attitude toward Japan in North China stiffened. She protested that Japanese military maneuvers violated her sovereignty.

CORRESPONDENCE

UNCLEAN, UNCLEAN!

EDITOR: It has been customary, every Christmas time to bring to the attention of the friends and benefactors of the Missions the Leper Fund appeal of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

I am sure, all will agree, that in the mission work of the Church there is no more touching and heart-rending activity than the marvelous and heroic work of our missionary priests and sisters among the lepers. When you read their letters telling of the comfort and consolation they bring to the poor outcasts of the leper colonies, when you see the pictures portraying the afflictions of this terrible disease, and when you are told how much they stand in need of help, you feel as if you would like to broadcast this charity far and wide, hoping some generous benefactor blessed with this world's goods, would assist such noble work.

"I know you will be pleased to know that we have 267 lepers under our care. For the past three years we have been forced to live with our lepers in the cemeteries, in huts made of bamboo and palm leaves," writes one of our missionaries. He continues: "Experience has taught us that living in a cemetery amongst dirt, filth, and vermin and with rats actually chewing up our patients while they sleep, is not the most healthful spot in the world."

Such are the cases we try to help. May the Christ Child, during this Holy Season of the Nativity, inspire generous souls to help this charity and thereby win the Blessing of God who cured the lepers when He walked this mortal earth.

Contributions to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith Leper Fund may be forwarded to the Diocesan Director or to the National Office of the Society, 109 East 38th Street, New York City.

REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL,
New York, N. Y. NATIONAL DIRECTOR.

PROTESTANT AID

EDITOR: In regard to the American Catholic school problem there is one question which insistently presents itself to the mind of a Canadian reader and not unreasonably puzzles him.

How is it that a democracy such as the United States refuses to see the injustice done 22,000,000 of its Catholic citizens whom it forces to help in the maintenance of the whole gamut of state educational institutions which in conscience Catholics cannot use, and at the same time forces them to subsidize their own schools without as much as reasonable concern?

For many years the Catholics of the United States have apparently failed to make either their government or their fellow-citizens see this injus-

tice—one which to us would seem to assume national proportions.

A year ago in a province of the Dominion of Canada where active Protestantism is emphatically in the majority, an educational issue of much smaller proportions than the one of American Catholics but yet comparable to it because it was on a matter of justice, was brought to the notice of the public eye and, thanks to the frank and open admission of the injustice by Protestants of good will both among the populace and in the legislature, an amendment was duly voted upon and passed.

Now the point of all this is: Are there no sincere Protestants in the United States who would grant as much? It would seem so. For if Dr. Gould Wickey at the United Lutheran Convention at Columbus could begin to see the obvious ludicrousness of giving public support to colleges and universities whose professors and administrators openly teach irreligion, surely he and many of his own as well as other denominations would see the reasonableness of Catholic claims for protection for their children from the irreligion of state education which they themselves deplore.

Montreal, Quebec.

S. R.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

EDITOR: From time to time one meets with examples of heroic enthusiasm for the cause of Christ and the Church that do more than impress one. They electrify. It was my recent good fortune to meet one such example in Brooklyn. In the hope that it may serve to edify and inspire your readers, I pass it on to them.

There has been opened recently (207 Court Street, Brooklyn) what promises to be one of the most important channels of Catholic Action in greater New York. It is called the Catholic Library Service, but it might better be styled *Fire on the Earth—in Brooklyn!*

Guiding and directing it all is Mr. Leon Paul, a young convert from Judaism. His spirit of sacrifice, his faith and his zeal are a living confirmation of the eternal youth of the Church. Without even a hope of material remuneration, Mr. Paul, practically alone and unaided, has undertaken a vitally important work. His ambition is to make of his library a center of Catholic youth work, a 1936 reproduction of Don Bosco's work in Turin. Having seen all that is being done by Communists to gain the young to Marxism, he was fired with the desire to do the same and more to gain the young to Christ. Each day he gathers together as many youngsters as possible, guides them in profitable reading, instructs them in the Faith, and then, at five-thirty each afternoon, kneels with them to greet our

Blessed Lady in the recitation of the Rosary.

All this is but the beginning. In the future, if God prospers the work, he ambitions a house of hospitality for young men, a recreational center with courses in handicrafts, public speaking, etc., and a gymnasium and manual training school.

Castles-in-the-air? Perhaps! But Christ promised that Faith like this would move *mountains* through the air. A castle or two ought not to be so difficult! Brooklyn, N. Y. JAMES B. FINNERTY

U. S. HIGH AND LOW

EDITOR: It ill becomes me to point out flaws in Father Edward Whelan's recent article on our retreat in the High Sierra, for in it he has done me more than justice. But I fear that, apt as is his pen, he has left too much to inference.

He omits to place Lone Pine and incredible Inyo, the parish and county he pictures, in California. This might prove embarrassing. Hence, before the All-Year Club of Californians, Inc., put him on the rack I dash to his defense. I can assure them that he had no intention of locating Mt. Whitney, Death Valley or such wonders elsewhere. That Los Angeles, 280 miles away, owned the glacial torrent by which we meditated was a truth upon which his San Francisco birth might have prompted silence, but to leave a doubt that the top and bottom of the continent were in California—never! Where else could such things be?

Lone Pine, Calif.

JOHN J. CROWLEY

NAZISTIC MENACE

EDITOR: I agree heartily with much of John LaFarge's article, (October 10). But some parts of it I find difficult to follow.

It is difficult for me to follow all the logic as to the difference, or lack of difference between Fascism and Communism. It seems to me there is some difference in aim and philosophy, and I wonder at the statement that Nazism has "no doctrine at all." Indeed, I think it is just here that Nazism proves to be a real, and a greater danger. National socialism is a greater danger precisely because it has two sets of doctrines:

A. It has a philosophy of narrowest nationalism which is absolutely opposed to the universality of Christianity, but which makes a great appeal to ignorant minds. The same masses who can be inflamed in one direction by Communists can be inflamed into another by Nazis. I realize, of course, that both proclaim their own self-righteousness and their right and duty to world conquest. But while Communism pays lip service at least to the equality of all races and peoples, and to a sort of internationalism, Nazism seems to assert the supremacy of one race, and its right to rule other peoples as inferior groups or slaves. Unfortunately, this appeal to warlike nationalism seems to be stronger!

B. It is here that it seems to me Nazism is a

greater and more insidious danger. Communism affronts and also proclaims itself clearly by its frank appeal to class passion, murder, etc. But Nazism, at least in its early stages, disguises itself like a wolf in sheep's clothing, it treads softly and appeals subtly to respectable people. That is, its "doctrine" is one of authority and absolute order, however illegally and murderously it may actually deal with its enemies. Men of large property or other material interests are especially susceptible to its insidious propaganda, since they have much to protect from the possible ravages of the masses, and see in Nazism an opportunity to enforce that protection.

Since Nazism appears to pay lip-service to private property, it can insidiously work itself into the framework of existing institutions (especially private property and police protection, together with appeals to "patriotism"), take over these institutions and subvert them to its own ends, before it throws off its disguise and stands in its own true colors. It is noteworthy that Nazism in Germany was actually financed by a small group of wealthy business men who thus created a frankenstein monster that threatens now to destroy them also. And a small group of our business men seem bent on the same policy.

You are correct in saying that "their manifestations are not so apparent and not so combative." Hence all we can do is to fight the movement the more vigorously by a true Christian program. The Catholic Church is in a strong position to lead this fight, since it is truly international in its inspiration and ideals.

Elizabeth, N. J.

NORMAN S. BURDETT.

EDITOR: I am puzzled as to this criticism. Since I find no reference of any kind to Nazism in the course of the article. Were I discussing it, I should be inclined to agree with Mr. Burdett on many points. J.L.F.

BLACK RIVER

EDITOR: I feel fairly confident that the name Black River has never appeared in your pages. It is a little coastal town on the south shore of Jamaica, B.W.I., and has many distinctly unique features, among which are its excellent and curative sulphur baths.

The people here are progressive and aggressively Catholic. The few copies I had of AMERICA were so thoroughly appreciated that I simply must have more. Last evening we initiated a Lending Library with an installment of one hundred books and pamphlets and an energetic committee will carry on for me. We need *live* literature for these two-fisted fighting Catholics who have not only their heads but their hands up too.

I am appealing to two or three of your readers to donate subscriptions to our Library. Can you find them for me? We could use at least three copies each week, and I can assure you of two hundred constant readers.

Seaford Town, Jamaica F. X. DOWNEY, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE BRITISH AGENT: E. K. PEEBLES, INC.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

St. Agatha's College, Sunday

DEAR DADDY: I am so glad that you are satisfied with my progress at school and so happy that you are not angry with me for deciding that my career is to be in publishing. I do love books so, even though Jim, the boy I was telling you about in my last letter (he is studying engineering at St. Joseph's) makes fun of me about my reading. I really do love books, everything about them, and they are frequently so interesting to read. Seriously, I should like to dedicate myself to culture. I know it sounds funny and maybe I should take your advice about school teaching, but school teachers all get so horrid and sticky after awhile, just like Jenny Hanley. She was as lively as anyone two years ago when she was a senior down here, and look at her now, talking in monosyllables and all that. I know that you're saying that I'm foolish and that I'll live to regret it. Maybe we will lose our money and I'd be glad to have a job teaching school with a pension and all that, but I'm serious. And just to show you that I have thought the whole thing out and have reached this conclusion by reason alone, I'm going to give you my reasons in orderly form, not like my other letters which were after all written in great haste, as I am very busy this year, what with one thing and another.

Well, school-teaching is out, daddy. It may be interesting, but, as Mr. Peebles said, it is mechanical, repetitious and hence unintellectual. Culture is more than wrapping up pills of knowledge and sugar-coating them with methods. Mr. Peebles is starting a new magazine and he wants me to go in with him. I'm to be in charge of the poetry and the belles letters section, and it is really the greatest honor I have ever received or will ever receive for that matter. Jim says I had better watch out or you'll have to pay some healthy printing bills, but then he doesn't like Mr. Peebles. Why he shouldn't I don't know, except that he is an engineer (that is, almost an engineer, as he won't graduate until June) and while very nice about taking me to his prom and some of the football games, he is not really cultured. Jim really is nice and you would like him, but he lacks that indefinable some-

thing, that love of learning for its own sake that marks the really intelligent person.

Mr. Peebles is really a wonderful man. Now don't get excited, because he's quite old, more than thirty, and besides he is a distinguished Anglican and almost a convert to the church. That's how I know him, his almost becoming a Catholic I mean. He came over to lecture about his almost becoming a Catholic. Why he should lecture to the girls at St. Agatha's, I don't yet see. A man like E. K. Peebles (I looked up his name in the library—it is Effingham Kendall Peebles and he lives at Paisley Cottage, Dorkinghurst, Lower Queston-on-the-Moor, Hants) who has written so many fine books would never have come to our school if it were not for Mother Margaret Mary who had a book of poems published and who studied at Oxford and knows of the most important people both here and abroad. Anyhow he came and his talk was a revelation. All the English majors said that it was the best thing they had ever heard, infinitely better than the lectures of Dr. O'Malley, who is, after all, American and has never been to England and hence lacks background. Truly it was a revelation. New planets swam into our ken, as Shelley said.

Never before had I realized how many really intelligent people went to Church and believed in the higher things, novelists and playwrights and authors of every kind and description, and English ones at that, not merely Americans, who, as Mr. Peebles said, were too raw and crude to appreciate the finer shades of religious feeling which has come down to the Englishman through the centuries, like a faint distant aroma of the past. And the liturgy of the Church is really beautiful, especially in England where, as Mr. Peebles said, there is real appreciation of the Christian artistic heritage, ruins staring at you like ghosts out of the past. I have since subscribed to an English magazine on the liturgy and I find that everything that Mr. Peebles has said is correct. They certainly have better Masses and devotions in England.

What I really wanted to tell you was about my friendship with Mr. Peebles. As I said before, you needn't worry, as he is old as well as married. Mrs.

Peebles is simply divine, not very good-looking and her clothes are awfully frowsy and she talks through her teeth, but she is very intellectual and refined and comes from a noble family. Her grandfather was a Major Heath-Hexton, isn't that a distinguished name? Sometimes I wish that I were not merely Dorothy Milholland. Wouldn't it be nice if I were Dorothy Moulton and lived in a place called Upper Dorset, with a lovely thatch-roofed cottage all to myself, and a groom for the horses and a faithful old Nanny? It would. Sometimes when I think of that awful old house in Mill River I could almost scream. Really I could. Why you don't take a nice apartment in Manhattan where you could really live and be a real captain of industry, I don't know. But *Tantaene irae in celestibus* as Horace says in one of his odes.

Well, I went to tea at Mr. Peebles'! His wife was there of course and it was all too delightful. He said that I was one of the most well-informed girls he had ever met and that I was certainly the peer of any English girl, especially the way I dressed. I had on my green chiffon and it looked lovely. Not that he noticed that very much, because we talked about poetry and the Catholic revival in France, which I knew very well since I am a French major and won the M. W. C. P. C. (Metropolitan Women's College Press Conference) prize last year. And he also said I should aid him in his new magazine venture. When I think how the Catholics have missed their opportunities I could almost cry. I don't mean to criticize Father Fitz because he is a friend of yours and you think that he is a saint on earth. But really, daddy, St. Mary's Church is a fright and you never hear one mention of Maritain in a single sermon. As Mr. Peebles says, the American-Irish who have dominated the church are undoubtedly Catholic in faith but hardly catholic in culture. What a world of difference in the mere capitalization of a letter.

Jim is quite annoyed because I spend so much time with the Peebles' who are staying with Judge O'Reilly while they are here in New York. But I really have found something worth-while after all these years and I don't intend to be dominated into any of these school-girl romances and wait around for dates, even though Jim is a very nice boy. Besides I see him once a week, which is often enough I think. And this is an opportunity which will not come again.

Mr. Peebles drew a diagram of his magazine which he has named *Splendor: an Organ of Creative Culture*, and underneath this there will be printed as follows: *Editor: E. K. Peebles. Poetry: D. Millholland, etc.* Millholland could be my pseudonym or *nom de plume*.

But where do you come in? You ask this question rightly, and since I am being very logical with you, as if reasoning out my thoughts on paper, I will answer. Do you remember last summer when we were up in Maine and you said: "What do I (i.e. me) intend to do?" And I said: "Whatever you like." And then you said that I should get my teacher's certificate and that you would give me a thousand dollars, and I agreed? Well, why not give

me the thousand dollars and let me use it for a much more noble purpose? With a thousand dollars Mr. Peebles says that he could accomplish infinite benefits for Americans, making them aware of the tremendous revivals and resurgences on the continent and introducing them to English writers of real importance who are not known, like G. Y. P. Tewkesbury and H. P. M. Haltingly who are all disciples of Christopher Maltbie.

Why do I urge you to do this, daddy, even though I know you hate the English? You really do and all because you are so prejudiced against the Black and Tans. Because in a way Mr. Peebles is really a British agent, not a military agent like Leslie Howard, who resembles Mr. Peebles sometimes when he has that pensive look, but an agent of higher things, an entrepreneur of culture. Besides it is well to remember that there is more than the Millholland Mills. We could do so much, daddy dear, if you would only stop growling and help *Splendor* just half as much as you help the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus. And think how much you would please your darling Dottie. Mr. and Mrs. Peebles might even visit us this summer.

I must close now, as I have a date with Jim, although I have had the most frightful quarrel with him last week. He called Mr. Peebles a bloodsucking Cockney bounder and threatened to punch his nose, which just shows how crude Jim is and how lacking in refinement, although he gets high marks at school and won a scholarship last year. But after tonight, or rather after next week, when the prom is over, I shall see little of him comparatively.

Your loving daughter,

Dot.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER IT SEEMS NOT FAIR

SOMEHOW or other, it seems not fair that such an excellent publication as *The Journal* of the Associated Alumnae of the Sacred Heart, recently issued under the skillful editorship of Miss Paula Kurth of Detroit, Michigan, should be confined to a reading public consisting entirely of ladies who were fortunate enough to have received their education under the auspices of *Les Mesdames du Sacré Coeur*. As under her illustrious predecessor, Dr. Blanche Mary Kelly, whose *Signet* in almost every issue contained more informative and literary excellencies than half a dozen other Catholic publications catering to the general reader put together, Miss Kurth's *Journal*, unless someone startles the Catholic reading public into a contrary opinion, bids fair to reach only a limited audience, less in need of its spiritual message and literary inspiration than hundreds of bewildered Catholics who are so hungry for things written that will be at once a *decus* and a *solamen* according to strict Horatian requirements. It appears with a cover emblem designed by Mrs. Hildreth Meière and a format prepared by AMERICA's art critic, Harry Lorin Binsse. L.F.

BOOKS

FROM GOODYEAR TO NIEUWLAND

RUBBER: A STORY OF GLORY AND GREED. By Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici-Friede. \$4.25.

MANY authors have been tempted by various phases of the "Romance of Rubber," as they like to call it, yet the present volume is the first complete, unsubsidized history of the industry. In this ambitious task, the co-authors, a rubber chemist and his journalist brother, have succeeded admirably well. They have written a book as entertaining and readable as it is instructive. In a spicy journalistic style the fascinating story of rubber is unfolded, from the coming of the Spanish *conquistadores*, who found the Indians playing with balls of caoutchouc, down to present-day rubber barons tossing about millions in much the same way. For that part of the narrative which centers about their home town, these Akronites had first-hand information; the thoroughness in treatment of earlier phases reveals painstaking search through many a musty file and ancient document.

The record of rubber, as the preface states, is "packed with the melodramatic, the odd, and the tragic." When Charles Goodyear, who thought he had been chosen by God to reveal the myriad uses of rubber to mankind, discovered vulcanization in 1839, rubber manufacture, from being something of a novelty began to assume gigantic proportions. With rubber mills mushrooming at home and abroad and each day seeing caoutchouc employed in new and varied ways, the "black gold" of the Amazon and Congo valleys attracted many exploiters. Here, the history of modern rubber production properly begins. It is a ghastly tale of forced labor, inhuman cruelty, and ruthless exploitation. No attempt is made by the present authors to tone down this picture; it is painted in all its lurid details. The rubber plantations of the East, although they leave much to be desired, are almost ideal in contrast. Regular rows of rubber trees have replaced malaria-infested jungles and, in general, we have "milk from contented coolies." Most of the great eastern plantations are controlled by British and Dutch interests, though native firms, large and small, constitute forty per cent of the total. United States Rubber is the most important American company in the Orient and has in Sumatra the world's largest rubber plantation. Firestone enjoys a monopoly in Liberia and the Ford plantation is in Brazil, where rubber production had become almost negligible since the rise of eastern plantations.

In an interesting chapter it is pointed out that rubber production is not wholly confined to the tropics. Edison's experiments with goldenrod were unsuccessful, but large areas of the guayule plant in the Southwest have produced sufficient rubber to warrant its production on a commercial scale. The higher costs of labor in this country, however, is a standing difficulty in competing with eastern plantations and their easily-contented native workers.

Perhaps the author's most important contribution is their account of synthetic rubber. Caoutchouc had for long baffled the chemists of two continents. It was carefully analyzed and each element scrupulously weighed, but the result of recompounding was, at best, a substance bearing little resemblance to natural crude. Germany's war-time experience with synthetic rubber tires which cracked open in winter and melted in summer is the classic example. It was the modest Father Nieuwland, working quietly in the laboratories of Notre Dame University, who gave to a waiting world its first practical synthetic. This "duprene" is now definitely beyond ex-

perimental stages and in many cases has proven superior to the natural product. If it can be further perfected and its current high price overcome, Charles Goodyear, the authors freely predict, will yield to Father Nieuwland the first niche in rubber's hall of fame.

The successive stages of rubber manufacture, springing from the seed planted by Goodyear and flowering into modern big business, are well handled and presented with a richness of detail. An *apologia*, the story of Akron, rubber capital of the world, with its huge factories, boom days and labor troubles, brings the book to a fitting and satisfying conclusion.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN.

MAKING THE BIBLE MORE INTELLIGIBLE

THE HOLY BIBLE. Abridged and Re-arranged by Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. \$3

WALKER'S COMPREHENSIVE CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. New Edition. By J. B. R. Walker. The Macmillan Company. \$3

CATHOLICS should read the Bible more than they do. Yet the fact that they do not is quite in line with the whole concept of their Faith which declares that Revelation is contained in the teaching of the Church and only part of Revelation is recorded in the Bible. From infancy they are rightly trained to seek truth from the living Teacher. But this affirmative attitude should not be so stressed as to turn it into a denial of the advisability and worth of reading God's written Revelation. We all lose much if we fail to know the Bible from *Genesis* to the *Apocalypse*.

There are arid and dull pages therein, and added thereto the chopped-up verse-by-verse printing of practically all Bibles rather tends to deter from any further efforts even those who are minded to read. To solve these difficulties scholars such as Hugh Pope, O.P., Archbishop Goodier, to mention only two of the most recent, have issued new editions of Holy Writ. Their aim is to eliminate repetitions and unimportant matters and thus provide a bridge whereby one may be led to the reading of the entire Bible. Father Knox has done his share in this laudable enterprise.

In the present volume not only is there a deal of the Bible left out, but what is kept is re-arranged so that the reader may more readily grasp the flow of Jewish history. Non-historical books are placed in the period to which they belong, thus filling in the picture. Father Knox makes no attempt at exegesis and gives the minimum of dates. His prudence therein is praiseworthy because of the difficulties entailed. The typography of the book is excellent and is an added invitation to read. Yet when all is said in praise of the book—and the present reviewer has naught but praise—Father Knox' abridgement should serve only as an introduction to the Bible as a whole, complete, and entire as it came from the hands of the Sacred Writers, acting as rational vehicles for God's written Revelation. What is needed is a complete English Bible, printed in a modern manner and divided in some such way as Fillion and Hetzenauer have done for the Vulgate. Such a task awaits one generous enough to give time and energy thereto. The labor would be largely mechanical.

To scholars Walker's *Concordance* needs no introduction, as it was first published in Boston in 1894. It was a labor of love as is shown by the closing words of the memorandum made by Walker on the morning he con-

cluded his labors. The Concordance is, of course, based on the Authorized (King James) Version and so will not be entirely serviceable for our Catholic Bible. The present edition has been made from new plates and this, together with an opaque paper, makes for easier reading.
F. P. LeBuffe

OTHER, NOT BETTER POEMS

MORE POEMS. By A. E. Housman. Alfred Knopf. \$2
FORTY-EIGHT hitherto unpublished lyrics by the author of *A Shropshire Lad* turn our thoughts to a man who was unique in making more out of one single kind of poetic experience than any other man with twice his richness of experience. A. E. Housman wrote all his veritable poetry in the mood of a good, brave, impatient lad of between one-and-twenty and four-and-twenty who has a manly resentment against the world which does not give him all he asks. Housman grew up, but his poetry never grew up. Housman the poet continued to be a "lad."

But though Housman wrote all his poetry in the same "one-and-twenty" mood, it must never be thought that he became monotonous. He always seemed to be writing something new, that he had never before said. In this success of his he reminds me of a lovable impoverished dandy I once knew, who wore but one suit during forty years, and yet always gave the impression of wearing a suit that was new. This feat he accomplished first by having originally bought a good suit, second by taking meticulous care of it, and third and most important by staying in pyjamas up to five o'clock every day, thus saving his suit from becoming thread-bare. Housman similarly had a genuine poetic mood to begin with. And also he took care of it. His carefulness had two especial skills, that of the old English ballad-writers in being short and dramatic, and that of Horace in being able to choose the marvelously right word. But most of all he kept his mood from seeming to be monotonous, by wearing it, like the dandy, very seldom. He published his *A Shropshire Lad* in 1896, and his *Last Poems* in 1922, and between the two left us in our almost thirty years of waiting. Housman had his sense of the dramatic.

Now we have forty-eight new poems—not later poems, not better poems: other poems;—poems culled from those which Housman had allowed his brother to publish if he saw fit. The brother, Lawrence Housman, must have recognized, as we recognize, that in all these poems there is the same admirable sense of words that was shown by A. E. Housman in 1896. "Blame not the faulting light" he writes. How carefully he has chosen the word "faulting." There are an hundred equally perfect details. He must have seen, also, that some of the dramatic impatience of the lad between one-and-twenty and four-and-twenty still flashes in these poems.

Young is the blood that yonder
Strides out the dusty mile,
And breasts the hill-side highway
And whistles loud the while,
And vaults the stile.

But surely also, like us, he wonders if in publishing these poems he has not broken the spell which his brother wrought over us by his very silence, by his care never to appear save at his best, and then not too often. I suspect that there is but one excuse for publishing these poems—not to enhance the reputation of the poet, but to reveal the man who was at times a poet, but not at all times. The poem *For my Funeral* is a poem not written by a lad of one-and-twenty. It was written by Housman, but not by the poet in Housman. It is not so much a doleful poem as a poem by a doleful man. As such it has its value for a biographer. Most of us do not read Housman's poems as a biographer.

DANIEL SARGENT

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

LATE SPRING, A TRANSLATION OF THEOCRITUS. By Henry Harmon Chamberlin. Harvard University Press. \$2.50

THEOCRITUS, the greatest of the Hellenistic poets and probably the only one of that period who deserves a place beside the great names of the classical age of Greek poetry, is still read today because, in Mr. Chamberlin's words, "the precision with which he has portrayed both nature and human beings is only equalled by his power of intuitive sympathy." This new translation, couched for the most part in the heroic couplet and keeping close to the Greek original, has considerable merit. The version is smooth and direct and in many passages equals or surpasses the best translations of Theocritus we possess in English. Both dialog and description are handled with ease and grace. However, the use of American slang in some of the more realistic sketches, such as Idylls V, X and XX, seems most infelicitous and quite destroys the poetry of these pieces. Expressions like the following are in a false key altogether: "You done me dirt"; "Do your stuff"; "Ain't you swell?"; "What baby's got you?"—and so *ad nauseam*. The famous "Syracusan Women" (Idyll XV) has been better done; it loses vivacity in Chamberlin's heroic couplets. Each poem in this edition is preceded by a brief analysis and appreciation which make it easy to enjoy the poetry without the help of learned apparatus. Notes are entirely dispensed with. The offensive indelicacies of Theocritus—and there are many of them—have not been eliminated or glossed over in the translation. Moreover, it is true that with all his charm of nature description and convincing characterization, Theocritus scarcely anywhere shows a trace of deep religious sentiment or lofty human idealism. In this he is a true Alexandrian.

MARY CHRISTMAS. By Mary Ellen Chase. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. Little, Brown and Co. \$1.25

THE new edition of this short novel by Mary Ellen Chase give opportunity to praise again the poetic beauty and romance of this book which was first published ten years ago. A reader cannot help but notice the author's disdain for "child guidance clinics," the "project method," "intelligence tests," and "vocational guidance." Possibly it is a bit unfair to scorn these modern attempts to give boys and girls today some of what she leads us to think they would have got, more or less as a matter of course, in normal home and village life during the 1890s. The question really is with things as they are now, would children be better off if we forget child psychology, closed clinics, and gave up the effort to provide vocational guidance? Seldom is this question raised in as charming and provoking manner as Miss Chase subtly suggests it in *Mary Christmas*.

WEeping IS FOR WOMEN. By Donald Barr Chidsey. Alfred Knopf. \$2

THIS story brings to life a typical suburban town in New Jersey. The daily hurrying to work in New York and back again with vivid details of the train and the Hoboken ferry, the domestic recreations and worries of the citizens, and their local political squabbles are portrayed with rare skill, and the reader feels that he is getting to know real men and women. The plot turns on Mr. Caldwell's life-long ambition to take a trip around the world with his wife. Careful saving, with provision for the college education of their son and daughter, has accumulated almost enough money for the trip, and the Caldwells and their neighbors are full of talk about the approach of the great adventure when their son gets himself involved with a married woman, and heroic efforts are needed to avoid scandal. The detailed handling of this messy affair of adolescent lust seriously mars the charm of the book.

THEATER

ONE of the unusual conditions of this unusual theatrical season is that so many of the early offerings have come to us in pairs. We have, or shall have, two Hamlets. We have had two military school plays strikingly alike, and two English melodramas also with extraordinary points of resemblance. The arrival in pairs was, of course, mere coincidence. The plays entered the season as confidently as the animals entered the Ark, but only half of them have survived. Mr. Gielgud's fine interpretation of Hamlet is with us as I write these obituaries, and another stage is already set for Leslie Howard's appearance in the same role.

John Gielgud's performance is, naturally, the most arresting one on our autumnal stage, and the present theatrical gloom supplies a fitting background for it. True, we desire to be uplifted in spirit rather than depressed. But those impressarios who have tried to cheer us thus far, have let us down with such severe jolts that it is comforting to sit back quietly and follow Mr. Gielgud's admirable art.

We discover at once that he will not let us down. A little later we begin to realize that he is not offering us any new thrills, and that, perhaps, we are not finding in his performance the new subtleties and delicacies of shading we had looked for. He is bitter to the soul of him, but so are all Hamlets. He is brooding and introspective and a devourer of his own heart. So are all Hamlets. I do not know exactly what we expected after the British adulation of Mr. Gielgud during his long run in the role in London. Whatever it was, I doubt if many of us got it.

What we receive is an intensely thoughtful, scholarly Hamlet, a man rather than a boy, sick of soul, like all the others, but setting himself a task and keeping grimly at it, master of his actions and even of his moods from start to finish; a cerebral Hamlet, but not the half-crazed lad we have always known. To that degree Mr. Gielgud gives us something new. He leaves us deeply interested. But for the fanfare of trumpets that crossed the sea before him, we, too, might have acclaimed him as truly great. I do not know. I doubt if any living player could have given us the performance on which we had artlessly set our American hearts. We enjoy the stimulation of our brains during Mr. Gielgud's playing, but our spinal columns give us none of the thrills John Barrymore sent down their length when he played the role. We are creatures of tradition, and we cherish our memories. Barrymore gave us some new traditions which we accepted. We may accept Mr. Gielgud's. But they take some thinking about. There are no reservations in my appreciation of Lillian Gish's Ophelia, and of Arthur Byron's Polonius. And Guthrie McClintic, who is producing the play at the Empire Theater, has given it his characteristically superb direction and showmanship.

The Theater Guild's first offering of the season, *And Stars Remain*, a comedy by Julius and Philip Epstein, brought us a touch of disappointment, but this is hardly surprising. The Theater Guild people frequently offer us an inconsequential trifle at the beginning of their season, and then improve steadily as they get into their stride. *And Stars Remain* is rather vague, rather illusive, and, I fancy, rather fleeting. Its plot is almost pleasantly familiar. We have the rich girl swaddled in tradition, the struggling young socialist lover, and the imperious millionaire grandfather who dislikes struggling young men with radical notions. The young woman has been sent to prison by the struggling young lawyer, which in real life might well prove an obstacle to a happy love between them. In this play it does not. The heroine is the type who asks in the good old classic: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love. But why

did you throw me down stairs?" In the end, grandpa comes 'round and the lovers marry. Miss Helen Gahagan and Ben Smith are the lovers and Charles Richman is the familiar type of domestic tyrant who vainly tries to separate them.

Clifton Webb drifts about the stage in a wistful and taking manner, uttering two or three wise-cracks to the minute and doing it very well. I wonder why, as I watched him, I suddenly remembered that during the World War the Austrians put Fritz Kreisler in charge of a bridge near the firing line. However that may be, the real trouble with the new Theater Guild play is that Mr. Webb does not go into a dance as we all expected he would do. If only the directors—Mr. Moeller, Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner—would interrupt the socialistic discussions two or three times during the progress of the comedy and let Mr. Webb dance.

I have always liked Walter Kelly, so the first obituary goes to his unfortunate and short lived comedy, *Lend Me Your Ears*. Audiences simply would not do it after the first week or so, and the comedy passed out despite Mr. Kelly's heroic efforts and the hard work of a conscientious cast. I am not going to cloud the future of the author by telling who wrote it, nor, on reflection, will I name the producer. A reviewer has moments of mercy. Softened by this reflection, I shall only mention in passing that the new "low" of the season was *The Laughing Woman*, very briefly produced at The Golden Theater with Helen Menken as First Victim. *The Laughing Woman* hence, supplied the only laughter connected with the comedy—and she had to do it, the poor dear.

I do not know anything about military schools, so I am in the situation of the innocent bystander as I discuss the two military-school plays which have recently been interred in the theatrical cemetery. One of them was called *Bright Honor*, and the other *So Proudly We Hail*. Both were written by young men who had obviously been cadets in military schools and who have carried into manhood no tender memories of the experience. Their conviction, and they used their entire vocabulary in setting it forth, was that military discipline, of the type they illustrated, can wreck the morale and the lives of high-spirited boys. Both plays were interesting, though so over-stated, and both were admirably acted. Personally I enjoyed them, though to do so I discounted about seventy per cent of the playwrights' propaganda. I suspect that most spectators did the same, and I more than suspect that the violence of the propaganda wrecked the plays as well as the lives of the boy heroes. Presented fairly, these two plays would have made an impression, would have aroused discussion, might have enabled us to get the truth about any mistakes there may be in the military school system. As it was, both playwrights lost their cause.

And now for the most beautiful offering in town. One can say that about it, anyway. With the possible exception of *The Great Waltz* last season at the same theater, (The Center) we have had nothing more superb in spectacles than Laurence Rivers, Incorporated, offers us in Erik Charell's *White Horse Inn*. The great playhouse has been made into a Tyrolean Village, and against this beautiful background William Gaxton, Kitty Carlisle and Robert Halliday disport as tourists having some sort of adventure there. I do not know what the adventure was and it does not matter. There is great beauty for the eye in the color and singing and dancing done by principals and villagers. There is charm for the ear in the music and yodeling. There is excitement in the presence of several thousand spectators who include hosts of happy children. *White Horse Inn* is an attraction one must not miss, especially during the holiday season, into which it will fit so well.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. It has been established before this that spectacle is Hollywood's most successful metier but the amazing technical results achieved in this production must renew emphasis on that fact. There is small drama, in the accepted sense, in this account of the heroic charge. There is, however, a wealth of dramatic photography. The scenes depicting the desperate sally against hopeless odds at Balaklava are unmatched in realism and thrills even when one recalls the latest and most lavish whimsy of the unpredictable Cecil de Mille. Historical accuracy, of course, has not been strained for and the wholly unnecessary romance has been all but jettisoned in favor of concentration on the stirring, climactic ride of the Six Hundred. The story is built around the massacre of British subjects at Chukoti, in India, by a border chieftain, one Surat Khan, and the avenging of this bit of savagery brings in the bold Lancers on their fatal gallop. It will appear immediately that the solution of the famous blunder offered herein is fictitious, slightly incredible and most unimpressive. A young major takes it upon himself to sacrifice his entire company in order to visit his wrath on the villain of Chukoti and, the personal notion persists, because he has been crossed in love and feels pretty useless anyway. Had Queen Victoria's fireside poet no more than this to go on, he would never have been moved to write the piece which provides a title for the film. But, take it all in all, we shall not see so complete a *tour de force* again for many film cycles to come. Its handsome dress and splendid photography recommend this melodrama to patrons in general. Errol Flynn, in the lead, is still swash-buckling and Olivia de Havilland and a pleasant newcomer, Patric Knowles, manage some idyllic moments between battles. (Warner)

TUGBOAT PRINCESS. There seems to be no end of juvenile stars in the movies who are capable of extricating their well-intentioned but slightly dense elders from all manner of difficulties. Some even throw in singing and dancing for good measure but little Edith Fellows is content, in this film, to elevate her foster-father from a tugboat to the bridge of a nice, shiny passenger ship. The captain takes on a dangerous job in order to pay hospital bills for his injured daughter and is instrumental in saving the passenger ship of an old rival from grounding. The child effects a reconciliation between the old men and convinces the ship owner that her father has done something worthy of reward. The picture is a routine job and a bit too familiar to be continuously interesting. But Walter Kelly, forsaking his Virginia judgeship to go to sea, provides amusing interludes, and Edith Fellows and Valerie Hobson play well. (Columbia)

LEGION OF TERROR. This topical exposé of the mob spirit in America, as typified by the Black Legion, fails to excite the indignation such armed violence calls for and it emerges as only fair entertainment precisely because of its toothlessness. Pictures which develop vital themes cannot neglect to say something important about them and still satisfy audiences. The indictment contained in the film lacks force and dignity because it construes a profound social disorder as ordinary criminality. There is no essential difference between this and other G-man epics. In this case, it is the postal authorities who uncover a widespread terroristic organization purporting to foster the interests of labor but in reality operating a major racket. A grand opportunity has been lost to show up the degenerate viciousness, the childish cabalism, and menacing trend of these night-riding, hooded hoodlums. Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill are featured. The violent nature of the story makes it unsuitable for any but adults. (Columbia)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

THE week demonstrated what people can do when they earnestly extend themselves. . . . A Scottish ring thief, arrested, swallowed the ring. Placed in a cell, he chewed the bolts. . . . A laborer in Italy dropped keys, can openers, cigar holders, pencils, fountain pens into his stomach. He later experienced abdominal distress. . . . A girl yawned eighty hours; grew drowsy. . . . Off the Shetland Islands, a merchant in a rowboat stopped two battleships, tried to sell them fish. . . . In Montreal burglars stole a house under the noses of police. . . . Crime rampaged. . . . In Paris an elephant stole 100 francs from a clown; hid the wallet in his trunk. . . . A New Jersey vagrant ran off with a cow's bedding. . . . Indications of growing politeness among burglars appeared. . . . Thoughtful notes of apology were left in several rifled homes. . . . Obituaries persisted. . . . The founder of the National Order of Pipe Smokers passed away. . . . The lady who first put into Lincoln's head the idea of growing whiskers ceased breathing. . . . The last of the boys who once sold Lincoln theater programs died. . . . Social trends were metamorphosed. . . . A new body, the Millionaires' Alimony Defiance Society, appeared. . . . The old method of cutting down accidents—giving tickets to speed violators—having failed, a new approach was essayed. Tickets were handed to slow drivers. If this method boggles, tickets will be given to pedestrians.

Cow beauty contests were increasing. . . . The most beautiful cow in Oklahoma was selected; may be taken to Hollywood for a screen test. . . . Dips From Life: A man, gagged and handcuffed in a holdup, walking through New York throngs, gesturing for aid; people, smiling, passing him by, thinking it a publicity stunt. . . . An Oriental pearl merchant holding services for the "souls" of oysters. . . . American newspapers printing stories from Spain colored to throw sympathy away from the Insurgents. . . . The Insurgent fliers appear to aim at nothing but women and children. In one account a line of women buying milk was bombed; in another a line of women buying sugar. As soon as a woman in Madrid goes out to buy anything at all, an Insurgent bomb plops into her market basket. One wonders why these pink correspondents of American newspapers did not put in even more embroidery into their stories. For example, some imaginary orders from Insurgent air commanders: "Men, spies have brought in word a line of women forms this morning to buy cabbage. To your planes, men. And don't miss the little children, either. We like to hit them when they're young." . . .

Before Houdini died he promised he would communicate with his wife within ten years after his death if he could do so. A code message was agreed on between them. . . . On the tenth anniversary of his death two hundred people gathered on a Hollywood roof awaiting the ghostly Houdini voice. Seances in twenty other cities tried to contact the dead wizard. . . . "Harry, Harry. Are you there? Speak to us, Harry. Give us some sign. We have waited so long." . . . From Houdini, no answer. . . . His widow sobbed, sadly turned out the light over his picture. Houdini could not come back. . . . Only the Catholic Church contacts departed souls, and not through seances. . . . Through prayers, the Mass, indulgences. . . . A Catholic mother does not cry to her dead daughter: "Mary, are you there?" She kneels at Mass; gains indulgences. . . . Through God, her good works reach Mary. . . . If Houdini is in purgatory now, he is watching souls soaring toward Heaven through the efforts of friends, relatives on earth. He is probably saying to himself: "I wish someone would teach my wife the only way to contact me; tell her to stop those seances; to pray, have Masses said for me."

THE PARADER